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THEATRICAL PORTRAITS:

*WITH OTHER POEMS.*

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T. C. HANSARD, PRINTER AND STEREOTYPER,  
Peterborough-court, Fleet-street, London.

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# THEATRICAL PORTRAITS;

WITH OTHER

## POEMS:

BY

HARRY STOE VAN DYK.

11

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"----- Canere aggredior. Nec dedignare canentem,  
O Decus!"

*Gray "De Principiis Cogitandi."*

-----  
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## THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

*“ The best Actors in the world, either for tragedy, comedy, history, pastoral, pastoral-comical, historical-pastoral, (tragical-historical, tragical-comical-historical-pastoral,) scene individable, or poem unlimited : Seneca cannot be too heavy, nor Plautus too light.”*

SHAKSPEARE.



TO  
JAMES BROUGHTON, ESQ.;

THESE POEMS

ARE INSCRIBED

BY HIS FRIEND,

THE AUTHOR.

*July 17, 1822.*



## P R E F A C E.



THE following Poems were written at different periods, and without any view to publication: they swelled, however, almost imperceptibly, into a volume, and I found myself tempted to collect them, and endeavour to give my “airy nothings,”

“A local habitation and a name.”

For I (perhaps foolishly) indulged the hope that there might, at least, be *one* in the collection which would prove, as it were, a cork-jacket to the rest, and keep them, for a passing season, afloat on the stream of Literature.

If I have been too sanguine, I trust my

judges will take into consideration that it is a first offence, and recommend me to mercy accordingly.

*Unam hanc noxam remittere non est difficile.*

I have omitted, among the "Portraits," some performers who well deserve mention: for, to say the truth, I doubted whether I should be able to infuse any thing like variety into my descriptions, after having written on so many similar subjects.

I have been silent, in regard to them, not from an unconsciousness of their merits, but from a sense of my own inefficiency to do them justice.

H. S. V. D.



# THEATRICAL PORTRAITS.

Nº I.

MISS CAREW.

~~~~~  
“ Let lovers who have croaking Delias, swear  
Their tones are ‘just in tune,’ or ‘just the thing:’  
Let lying poets puff, in couplets fair,  
Pan’s reedy pipe—Apollo’s golden string:—  
How Memnon sang, and made the Thebans stare,  
When he saw Titan’s daughter scattering  
Flowers:—’tis all stuff.—Reader, what say you?  
Give *me* (but p’rhaps I’m partial) Miss Carew.”  
*Barry Cornwall.*

~~~~~

MUSIC, thou charm and solace of our woes,  
Soother of toil, and sweet’ner of repose!  
O thou, who blunt’st the point of Sorrow’s dart,  
And dropp’st like Mercy on the wounded heart,  
Art dear to me, when sighing on the lute,  
Or whisp’ring through the soft and voice-like flute;  
When ling’ring on the harp-strings, or when (freed  
From rules of Art) thou fill’st the shepherd’s reed!

B

But, dearer far thy heav'nly wild-song flows,  
When faintly murm'ring from "a lip of rose."

Such thoughts will rise, whenever I recall  
CAREW's sweet voice :—it has "a dying fall,"  
Which soothes with sadness—like the mourning  
dove,

Whose notes of sorrow still the pangs of love.  
It has that eloquence and pow'r, which make  
The heart's wild pulses pause, lest they should break  
The chain of melody around them thrown,  
Or lose a murmur softer than their own.

Oh! I have wander'd where Bananas cast  
Their velvet leaves, to shade me as I pass'd;  
And from some distant orange-grove have heard  
The faint, sweet music of the Mocking-bird;  
Which, like a spirit, seem'd to float in air,  
Born, nurs'd, and cherish'd—living, dying there:  
And I have heard (afar from ocean's roar)  
Some inland river kiss its flow'ry shore,  
Until the sound seem'd melody, and stole  
In plaintive languor o'er the list'ning soul;  
And I have heard the breeze steal through the rose,  
When grey-ey'd morning sees its leaves unclose,

With crimson blushes shining through the dew :—  
But, lovelier far than these are thy wild notes,  
CAREW!

As twilight sheds its ros'd and mellow'd ray  
Upon the bright and glitt'ring brow of day,  
So thou, *Sophia*,\* with thy pensive mien,  
Dost cast a milder beauty o'er the scene;  
Which thy voice hallows as it glides along,  
Light as an echo of the night-bird's song.

Let others prize the Bacchanal's rude lay,  
And turn from sadder, sweeter themes away;  
But, oh! give *me* the tones which seem to borrow  
The soul of music from a harp of sorrow:  
Which, like the words of lovers when they part,  
In broken whispers *die* upon the heart.

---

\* In "The Lord of the Manor."

N<sup>o</sup> II.

## MR. LISTON.

~~~~~

“Pyramus is a sweet-faced man, a proper man, as one shall see in a Summer's day; a most lovely, gentleman-like man; therefore you must needs play Pyramus.” *Shakspeare.*

~~~~~

THE play is ended, and the audience now,  
 With one accord, relax the sombre brow;  
 O'NEILL no longer “drowns the stage with tears,”  
 But laughter marks where *Lubin Log* appears:  
 That wealthy cit, contemptible and mean,  
 LISTON can make the fav'rite of the scene;  
 The tranquil gravity that spreads a shade  
 Upon a face which Momus' self hath made,  
 Forms such a contrast to his fat, round cheeks,  
 That all are laughing e'en before-he speaks:  
 A grave demeanor robes his smiling looks,  
 As “dying speeches” cover merry books:  
 Union of all that's comic and sedate,  
 A judge's wig upon a monkey's pate.  
 Excellent actor! Surely he who can  
 View *thee* unmov'd, is more or less than man:

Thou hast chalk'd out a path, which thou alone  
 Canst truly fill ! 'Tis thine ; 'tis all thine own !  
 None dare approach that path, for none combine  
 Such brilliant genius, with a *face* like thine.  
 It is a treat, all comic treats above,  
 To see thee come cross-garter'd to thy love ;\*  
 And hear thee lisp, with fond affected air,  
 Thy sighs of rapture to thy " Ladye faire."  
 As *Slender* too, that gallant, gay deceiver,  
 As tim'rous *Acres*, or the simple Weaver,†  
 Thou hast no rival. When they're play'd by *thee*,  
 LISTON's forgot, the Men themselves we see.  
 As *Sampson*,‡ long may'st thou our fancies tickle,  
 As gay *Apollo*§ and old *Baillie Nicol*,||  
 As *Mr. Mug*,¶ as *Tag*,\*\* with scarce a rag on,  
*Pompey*,†† *Bombastes*,‡‡ *Grizzle*,§§ and *Moll*  
*Flagon*.|||

And when old Age shall drop his curtain down,  
 To hide our fav'rite from th' applauding town ;

\* As *Malvolio*.† *Midsummer Night's Dream*.‡ *Guy Mannering*.§ *Killing no Murder*.|| *Rob Roy*.¶ *The Africans*.\*\* *The Spoiled Child*.†† *Measure for Measure*.‡‡ *Bombastes Furioso*.§§ *Tom Thumb*.||| *The Lord of the Manor*.

When all thy days of youth and whim are o'er,  
And we must view thy merry face no more;  
When thou hast lost thy present pow'r to please,  
May'st thou recline in affluence and ease;  
And, after all thy wand'rings, calmly rest,  
With public favour, and with friendship blest.

N<sup>o</sup> III.

## MISS STEPHENS.

~~~~~

“ Though form and song at once combin’d  
Their loveliest bloom and softest thrill,  
My heart hath sigh’d, my heart hath pin’d,  
For something softer, lovelier still !  
Oh ! I have found it all, at last,  
In thee, thou sweetest living lyre,  
Through which the soul has ever pass’d  
Its harmonizing breath of fire !”—*Moore.*

~~~~~

SAY, what can rob the dungeon of distress,  
Or soothe the hours of mental wretchedness ;  
What pow’r, what charm, possesses the sweet art  
Of luring sorrow gently from the heart,  
Like plaintive Music?—in the strain that dies,  
We hear the trembling echoes of our sighs !  
And when in gloomy solitude we mourn,  
We love the sounds that sigh forth in return ;  
For, while we list their melancholy tone,  
We feel our sorrows are but half our own.

There is a soul which breathes within thy lay,  
Would turn the murd'rer from his guilty way,  
And bid th' uncultur'd savage *spare* his prey.  
Thou could'st from Suicide the thoughts beguile,  
Couldst bid the lone wretch drop his knife, and  
*smile* :

For O ! soft Music hath the pow'r to win  
The erring wand'rer from the paths of sin,  
And lead him back, with Pity's heav'nly tone,  
To smiling Virtue's pure and flow'ry throne.

Sweet artless Melodist ! to thee belong  
The feelings which give eloquence to song :  
Bright form of Truth !—Timidity's own child !—  
Thy mien is modest, as thy strains are wild :  
Thou showest woman in her loveliest dress,  
Charm'st by thy smiles, and win'st with gentleness.  
Plaintive *Ophelia*, sweet *Mandane*, stay !  
My soul would fain still linger on thy lay ;  
Thy voice recalls the dreams of love and joys,  
Which childhood fosters, but which age destroys.  
I list entranc'd, and as the last notes die,  
I feel their pow'r, and own them with a *sigh* !  
So soothingly they fall upon mine ear,  
I thank the charm that lulls me—with a *tear*.



## I.

The heart that can slumber, when Music is breathing,  
Like dew of the midnight, is murky and chill ;  
The heart, and soft music, like flowers enwreathing,  
Should cling to each other in happiness still.

## II.

For the sweetest of flow'rs must wither and perish,  
And the form that entwin'd them in silence must  
die ;  
Yet 'tis soothing to think that the roses we cherish,  
Will gratefully breathe o'er the spot where we lie.

## III.

And thus, too, is Music, melodiously cheering  
The breast of its sorrows, the heart of its woes ;  
And the strains, which, thro' life, we have thought  
most endearing,  
Will mournfully warble, and sigh o'er its close.

## IV.

Then, he who can slumber when Music is breathing,  
Possesses a heart that is lonely and chill ;  
Where the flow'rs of feeling are never enwreathing—  
Which virtuous love never bless'd with a thrill.

Farewell, fond theme, o'er which I've linger'd long;  
Sweet child of Diffidence, as well as Song,  
Accept th' unworthy tribute of my praise,  
Weakly *express'd*—but *heartfelt* as thy lays.

N<sup>o</sup> IV.

MR. KEAN.

~~~~~

“ There was a laughing devil in his sneer,  
“ That rais’d emotions both of rage and fear;  
“ And where his frown of hatred darkly fell,  
“ Hope with’ring fled, and Mercy sigh’d farewell.”

*Byron.*

~~~~~

’Tis with a mournful feeling we survey  
The sun of genius sink from sight away;  
Still, with a retrospective glance, we gaze  
Upon the spot that caught his parting rays;  
And tho’ another sun may brightly rise,  
The film of prejudice is o’er our eyes,  
And we behold no splendor in the last,  
Because we think too deeply of the past.—  
It is but just, that we should not forget  
The former grandeur of the sun that’s set;  
But, still, the new one, bursting on our view,  
If it deserve it, should be worshipp’d too.

MACKLIN once charm'd the town in "Shakspeare's Jew,"

And all declar'd he was what Shakspeare drew.

Next KEMBLE follow'd him, with steady pace,

Drew on his robe, and nobly fill'd his place.

Then COOKE came forth to grace the mimic scene,

And gain'd new laurels in his gabardine.

He fled!—but Nature rear'd a chosen son,

And gave the merits of the three, to one.\*

The Drama's days seem'd almost on the wane,

When KEAN came forth, and made them bright  
again.

They who have seen him, when, with vengeance  
rife,

He views *Antonio* as he whets his knife,

Must ever feel, whilst thinking of that part,

The life-blood stagnate chilly round the heart :

There was a murd'rous smile upon his cheek

And from his eye some devil seem'd to speak ;

In triumph there, demoniac-like, he stood,

As tho' his soul would drink his victim's blood.

---

\* The above remark refers, of course, merely to his *Shylock*.

In fond *Othello*, when the jealous dart  
Fixes revenge within his broken heart ;  
When first he finds his happiness is flown,  
His love abus'd, his "occupation gone ;"  
There is a dreary sadness in his tone,  
Which speaks *his* heart, and murmurs in our own,  
Like the farewell of lovers, when they sever,  
Which thrills the soul, and lingers there for ever.

But, still, ev'n KEAN is not all perfect yet ;  
There's much to learn, and something to forget.  
He should reserve his voice,—not let it burst  
Upon the fix'd, attentive ear, at first ;  
For, all the pleasure that we feel, is cross'd,  
When the concluding sentences are lost.

If I should name one part, which my full breast  
Treasur'd and felt more deeply than the rest,  
It would be *Timon*, where the friendless crew  
" Had left him bare, for ev'ry storm that blew."\*

---

\* " But, myself,

Who had the world as my confectionary ;  
The mouths, the tongues, the eyes, and hearts of men,  
At duty, more than I could frame employment ;  
(That numberless upon me stuck, as leaves

His look can ev'ry inward pang impart,  
Each word he breathes seems wrung from Sorrow's  
heart ;

Like mournful sounds of music in the wind,  
Which die away, but leave a charm behind.

---

Do on the oak,) have with one winter's brush  
Fell from their boughs, and left me open, bare,  
For ev'ry storm that blows."

*Timon of Athens*, Act iv., Sc. 3.

MR. KEAN, in his delivery of these lines, breathed the very soul of melancholy and tenderness.

N<sup>o</sup> V.

MRS. DAVISON.

~~~~~  
"Troth, Art can borrow Nature's dress, and wear it  
So gracefully, that ye who view her in't,  
Shall deem her Nature's self."

*Old Play of The Buckler. Act iv, scene 4.*  
~~~~~

SHE comes!—she comes!—the proud imperious  
dame,\*

Whose ear is caught by heraldry and fame;  
Yet whose vain heart, deceiv'd by its own guile,  
Courts not the brow which beameth with Love's  
smile:

But, pleas'd with all the splendor of a throne,  
Imagination paints it as her own:  
And, like Plantagenet, she seems to wear  
A pearled crown, round temples brightly fair  
As summer's whitest cloud, whilst o'er it glows  
The tint which twilight borrows from the rose.

---

\* *Juliana* in the Comedy of "The Honey Moon."

She owns nor self-control, nor truth's rebuke,  
And flies from Love, to listen to—a Duke!!  
Her hand she gives;—but Love is still unknown  
To her proud breast, 'tis fill'd with *self* alone.  
But see her now, within a lowly cot:—  
Where are the visions of her princely lot?  
Can that fierce eye be ever taught to brook  
A low-born peasant's fixt, commanding look?  
Can that fair ear, wherein each courtier's breath  
Sang praises (fatal as the breeze of death);\*  
Can that submit, beneath a thatched roof,  
To hear from MAN the language of reproof?  
It must! it must! aye! tear thy hair, and rave;  
*Aranza* was “not born to be a *woman's* slave!”†  
Hard is the struggle; but, see nature gains  
Pride's misled votary, and breaks her chains.  
She rises up, ennobled by the strife,  
Content to be a peasant's virtuous wife.  
To turn her wheel, and breathe her ev'ning song,  
Or in the dance move gracefully along;  
To leave all ornaments, and simply wear  
“A half-blown rose, stuck in her braided hair.”‡

---

\* The Sirocco.† *Vide* Honey Moon.‡ *Vide* Honey Moon.



But now, *Aranza* doffs his rude disguise,  
And welcomes home his fairly-captur'd prize;  
Whilst Juliana feels, in his caress,  
That woman's greatest pow'r is *gentleness*.  
And who, so well, can ev'ry scene pourtray,  
Erst proud, then humble; sorrowful, then gay,  
As thou, fair DAVISON? who hast the art  
To suit so well the action to thy part,  
That nature's Lovers say, whilst viewing thee,  
“ This is not *acting*—'tis *reality* !”

N<sup>o</sup> VI.

M R. B R A H A M.

~~~~~

“ Never does a wilder song,  
Steal the breezy lyre along,  
When the wind, in odours dying,  
Wooes it with enamour’d sighing.”

Moore.

“ I pray thee, gentle mortal, sing again :  
Mine ear is much enamour’d of thy note.”

*Midsummer Night’s Dream, Act iii. scene 1.*

~~~~~

THE sun had vanish’d, and the tints of day  
On twilight’s bosom lightly died away ;  
The star of eve was gliding into view,  
And ev’ry flower seem’d bending ’neath the dew ;  
When in a bow’r, which Cupid’s self had made,  
Apollo stood ; and ’neath the roses’ shade  
New strung his lyre ; whilst Love, with purple wings,  
Flew to the bow’r, and breath’d along the strings ;  
Then Sorrow came, with downcast eyes of blue ;  
And Pity stole and sigh’d along them too.

The lyre Apollo seiz'd, and Love's sweet tone  
Dissolved, in murmurs, into Sorrow's moan ;  
Which breath'd awhile along the strings he press'd,  
And then expir'd on gentle Pity's breast.

Charm'd with the sounds, Apollo's bright eye  
closes,  
And sinks in sleep upon the dewy roses.  
A wand'ring mortal near the spot had stray'd, -  
And caught the strains th' enamour'd Minstrel  
play'd :  
He saw th' immortal lyre ; then softly crept,  
And snatch'd the treasure whilst Apollo slept.  
Yes! BRAHAM stole the lyre of Love away ;  
At *his* command it breathes the sweetest lay  
That ever charm'd Affliction of its fears,  
Or melted Grief to Resignation's tears.

Oh! when thou dwell'st upon a tender theme,  
Thy voice recalls the bliss of "*Love's Young  
Dream ;*"

But, when thou risest to a bolder strain,  
Forgotten glories seem to live again ;

The sounds of sorrow die along thy breath,  
In "*Abercrombie's,*" or in "*Nelson's Death :*"

Yet, still we trace a grandeur in their swell,  
That tells the soul how gloriously they fell!  
In pow'rs of voice and science, thou art known  
To be unrivall'd; and thy plaintive tone  
Glides thro' the heart, as sun-beams pierce the  
    shade,  
And wakes compassion for the "'Wilder'd Maid."

Oh! still beguile Affliction of its sighs;  
Breathe hopes of comfort, where no comfort lies;  
Charm the lone bosom of its cares awhile;  
And light the sunken cheek of sorrow with a smile!

N<sup>o</sup> VII.

## MISS TAYLOR.\*

~~~~~  
" Her modest looks the cottage might adorn,  
Sweet as the primrose peeps beneath the thorn."

*Deserted Village.*  
~~~~~

ONE evening, sitting o'er a foaming can  
Of Whitbread's porter, like a sober man,  
Full many a thought popp'd in my rhyming brain,  
And, strange to say, as soon popp'd out again;  
My Muse let many a bright idea 'scape her,  
Ere pen and ink could put them down on paper.  
I own it griev'd me; for some thoughts there were,  
Would make a lame man dance, a blind one stare;  
So varied, too, that from chaste madrigals,  
They turn'd to Paine, the Devil, and the Radicals.

---

\* The above Portrait is printed by permission of its Author, Mr. Timothy Bubble; a good kind of man enough, but rather too fond of prize-fighting, bear-baiting, and usquebaugh.

At length, aroused by a gentle tap,  
I said, "Come in," and doff'd my flannel cap;  
For beauty needs nor ornament nor boast,  
"But is when unadorn'd, adorn'd the most."  
The door flew open—('twas no great man's door,  
Thus always open—even to the poor)  
And cousin Ned, the prince of all good fellows,  
Puffing and blowing like a blacksmith's bellows.  
Enter'd my chamber.—"Friend," cried he, "what  
cheer?"

Drank my good health, and finish'd all my beer.  
"This was th' unkindest cut of all;" but he  
Dispatch'd the affair with such gentility,  
That I forgave him; pointed to a chair,  
And kindly begg'd he'd seat my cousin there.  
"No! no!" said he, "I'm in a plaguy hurry,  
I've got two Gall'ry tickets for the Surrey."  
"Two Gall'ry tickets," cried I "is it so?  
"That's lucky, lad; now *both* of us can go."  
I always lov'd the Gall'ry; in the Pit  
You're bor'd with orange-peel, and must submit;  
I cannot sit with patience to be *welted* ;\*  
'Tis better far to pelt, than to be pelted.

---

\* A *Fancy* term, expressive of a good thrashing.

I had a clean false-collar ; so I plac'd it  
Around a neck, that (to my thinking), grac'd it;  
My *Starcher*\* next, of saffron's beauteous dye,  
I honor'd with the "*Coronation Tie*."†  
Then off we strutted, both in highest glee,  
And soon were seated in the Gallery.

Oh! when I think upon those touching scenes,  
O'er which the fair, the noble *Jeanie Deans*  
Threw such enchantment, pensive thoughts arise,  
"And all my mother comes into mine eyes  
And gives me up to tears."—She had an air  
Of modest firmness, that defied despair;  
A look, that innocence might proudly own;  
A voice, which thrill'd the heart-strings by its tone.  
All, all was Nature, free from Art's control;  
She look'd a mortal with an angel's soul;  
And, like a flow'r that springs beside an oak,  
Whose branches guard it from the tempest's stroke,  
She seem'd protected by Religion's form,  
And rose superior to misfortune's storm.

---

\* Cravat.

† The *Oriental* and *Mathematical* had then given place to the *Coronation Tie*; so veering is Fashion, and so mutable are its votaries.

I turn'd to Ned.—Now, Cousin, you must know,  
Could bring down Cribb or Randall at a blow;  
He was a bruiser, and a conj'rer too,  
For he could change the blackest eyes to *blue*;  
But then I saw this Hercules turn pale,  
Mov'd like an infant by a fictitious tale:  
To drown his sighs, he feign'd a church-yard cough,  
And mutter'd “Lad! *let's walk our bodies off.*”  
We left the Theatre, but could not part  
Ere we had ta'en some “*flannel for the heart*;\*”  
I paid the reckoning, then shook hands with Ned;  
Knock'd down two *Charleys*,† and reel'd home to  
bed.

---

\* Usquebaugh.

† Watchmen.



N<sup>o</sup> VIII.

MR. YOUNG.

~~~~~  
“ There strength and ease, in graceful union meet,  
Though polish'd, subtle, and though poignant sweet:”

*Gifford's Persius.*  
~~~~~

OFT have I roam'd some gentle stream beside,  
And marked the tranquil current of the tide,  
Unvarying ever, still it calmly sped  
O'er the light pebbles of its silent bed ;  
To boist'rous waves its waters never rose,  
Yet never sank entirely to repose.  
So 'tis with YOUNG ; his passion's even tide  
Ne'er swells to grandeur, nor doth quite subside ;  
Correct, not striking—skilful, but not new,  
Wanting in fire, and yet to feeling true ;  
In action graceful, and in judgment clear,  
With voice that falls like music on the ear ;  
And form and features, clothe them how you can,  
Which still shine forth, and show the gentleman !

In all the little touches of his art,  
 That probe the feelings, and subdue the heart,  
 He is, perchance, surpass'd by more than one;  
 In declamation he's excell'd by none.  
*Chamont* deserves the Critic's warm applause:  
 His manly ardour in a sister's cause,—  
 His gen'rous haste to see her wrongs redress'd,  
 Were felt by him, and stamp'd *this* part his best!  
 As *Pierre* and *Cassius* he claims our praise;  
 As *Denmark's Prince*, who mourns o'er other days;  
 And in *Othello* too, tho' critics rail,\*  
 He may not *triumph*—but he does not *fail*:

---

\* I have seen a critique (if it can be called so), wherein the writer asserts, that one of the Blacks taken from the band of the Guards, would play the character as well. Now this I admire, because the falsehood is so apparent, that it cannot for a moment be mistaken for truth.

Mr. Hazlitt, in his "View of the English Stage," has constantly endeavoured to uphold Mr. Kean by dispraising Mr. Young. Mr. Kean stood in no need of his assistance. He was as little benefitted by his praise as Mr. Young was lowered by his censure.

In one part of his work, Mr. Hazlitt says, "Mr. Young, as *Mark Anthony*, exhibited a just and impressive picture of the Roman hero, struggling between the dictates of his love and honour."

In another part of the same work, we meet with the following contradictory passage:—"As long as he contents

The modest grace, and gentlemanly ease  
 In all his actions, cannot choose but please ;  
 And tho' some partial critics cry him down,  
 His worth is warmly greeted by the town ;  
 And of an actor's pow'rs, 'tis still confess'd,  
 The *gen'ral* feeling is the surest test.  
 It was the gen'ral voice, when KEAN first came,  
 That spake his praise, and brought him into fame ;  
 It was the gen'ral voice, when KEMBLE took  
 His long farewell, his last and wistful look,  
 Which loudly burst, and told his throbbing heart,  
 'Twas sweet to cheer him, but 'twas sad to part.  
 Possess'd of this, ne'er heed the critic's tongue,  
 Let them be still unjust—be you still YOUNG !

---

himself to play indifferent characters, we shall say nothing ;  
 but whenever he (Mr. Y.), plays *Shakspeare*, we must be  
 excused if we take unequal revenge for the martyrdom  
 which our feelings suffer ! !”

Thus we see that Mr. Young plays *Mark Anthony* (one of  
*Shakspeare's* characters ! ! ) “ in a just and impressive manner ;”  
 yet, in seeing him play *Shakspeare*, Mr. H.'s feelings  
 suffered “ martyrdom.” What opinion can we form of this  
 critic's *taste*, or who (after this), shall accuse Mr. H. of *im-*  
*partiality* ?

N<sup>o</sup> IX.

## MISS KELLY.

~~~~~

“ Thrice happy genius, whose unrivall'd name  
Shall live for ever in the voice of Fame!  
’Tis thine to lead, with more than magic skill,  
The train of captive passions at thy will;  
To bid the bursting tear spontaneous flow,  
In the sweet sense of sympathetic woe:  
Nor yet confined to Tragic walks alone,  
The Comic muse too claims thee for her own:  
With each delightful requisite to please,  
Taste, spirit, judgment, elegance, and ease.

*Lloyd.*

~~~~~

HE who would mark expression, and just sense,  
And heartfelt, unadorned eloquence;  
The swell of rapture, or the burst of grief,  
The soul’s affliction, or its sweet relief,  
The sigh of misery, the song of glee,  
Or truth’s simplicity—must fly to *thee*:  
For, like the clime in which you’ve held your sway,  
(Which oft has giv’n the seasons in one day)

Thy genius takes all changes at its will,  
And tho' or grave, or gay, is bright—is pow'rful  
still.

Whether we view thee as the school-girl wild,  
The light coquette, or feeling's artless child ;  
As *Marian Ramsey*,\* or the prison Shrew,†  
We see the portraits brought to life by you.  
Oh ! I could quit all Tragedy's dull woe,  
To hear thy sorrows, “ *Maid of Palaiseau* ;” ‡  
Or see thee come, with grief, and shame bow'd  
down,  
In expectation of a father's frown.§

Genius and wit in all thy actions vie,  
Flashing beneath the curtains of thine eye,  
Like lightning thro' sweet flow'rs, when not a  
breeze

Sighs on the wave, or trembles thro' the trees.  
The Goddess Nature claims thee for her own,  
Plays on thy lip, and breathes in ev'ry tone ;

---

\* In “Turn Out.”

† *Lucy*, in the “Beggars' Opera.”

‡ In the “Maid and the Magpie.”

§ *Zorayda*, in “Rich and Poor.”

There too vivacity doth gently speak,  
Lives in thy smile, and gambols on thy cheek.

How shall I name the Crew,\* who can deride  
A daughter's piety, a father's pride?  
Whose insults, scorn, and negligence, confess  
They want the virtues which they dare oppress?  
To call them *senseless* were a term too kind,  
Where soul, alas! is narrow as the mind;  
Some *stronger* epithet the pen must find.

The time will come, when they no more shall bear  
The cruel pow'r to trample on the fair;  
When we shall see them, foil'd by their own arts,  
Fools in their heads, and cowards in their hearts.

---

\* The above was written nearly three years ago, and relates to the conduct of the Sub-Committee in regard to the subject of this Portrait.

## N° X.

MR. C. KEMBLE.

~~~~~  
" Nothing becomes him ill, that he would well,

\* \* \* \* \*

For, he hath wit to make an ill shape good,  
And shape to win grace, though he had no wit."*Love's Labour's Lost, Act ii. Scene 1.*  
~~~~~

THERE are some scenes, which, ting'd by fancy's  
rays,

Throw soft enchantment o'er our youthful days;  
And, as we onward tread to manhood's prime,  
Their charms seem mellow'd by the hand of time  
To pensive beauty—to a twilight hue,  
Which shines more fair to retrospection's view.  
Yet, not alone do *Nature's* beauties shed  
Their bloom upon the mind, when they have fled,  
But scenes of *Art* can borrow *Nature's* dress,  
And bear the blossoms of her loveliness;

Can charm the eye, and gratify the heart,  
And, once imprinted, never more depart.

Thus have I thought, when glancing mem'ry cast  
Before mine eyes the scen'ry of the past,  
Where *Edgar* wander'd with the heart-struck *Lear*,  
To share his sighs, and render tear for tear ;  
Where *Anthony* o'er fallen *Cæsar* bow'd,  
And rous'd red vengeance in the list'ning crowd ;  
Where *Romeo* hasten'd to his lonely dove,  
And charm'd the night to silence with his love.

Oh, these are forms which deeply lie enshrin'd  
(Like jewels) in the casket of the mind !  
But, KEMBLE, it must be confess'd, to thee  
They owe a portion of their brilliancy ;  
For, thou art blest with genius, judgment, grace,  
A noble figure, and expressive face ;  
And these are requisites which cannot fail  
To lend new int'rest to a well-wrought tale.

As *Juliet's* lover thou dost most excel—  
None look or play the love-sick youth so well ;  
And *Cassio*, *Falconbridge*, the *Thane of Fife*,  
And wild *Prince Hal*, thou actest to the life.



But, I have mark'd at times a careless mien,  
A *nonchalance*, that quite destroys the scene;  
Oh, shun this fault! join energy to ease!  
Thou hast the *pow'r*, then have the *will* to please!

N<sup>o</sup> XI.

## MISS BRUNTON.

~~~~~

*Serv.* There is a Lady without presses vehemently to speak to your Grace.  
*Jaquez.* A Lady?  
*Serv.* Yes, your Highness.  
*Jaquez.* Is she young?  
*Serv.* Very, your Grace!  
*Jaquez.* Handsome?  
*Serv.* Beautiful, your Highness!  
*Jaquez.* Send her in."

*Honey Moon. Act iii, scene 2.*

~~~~~

Who hither comes, like "Love without his wing,"  
Or like the fair and incense-breathing Spring,  
Whose eyes, o'er Nature, brilliancy diffuse;  
Whose hands contain the renovating dews,  
That call th' imprison'd flow'rets from the arms  
Of surly Winter (who conceal'd their charms !)  
And wake them into Summer?—It is one  
Who breaks upon us like the cheerful Sun,

All radiance and joy. 'Tis BRUNTON! See  
How strays that smile along her 'witching face :  
To angel beauty adding yet a grace,  
And new divineness to divinity.  
She looks around—and Summer seemeth near—  
She speaks—and there is melody. (The ear  
Feasts on the gentle echo that is given.)  
She sings—there's bliss!—She smiles—and there  
is Heaven.

Oh! hail, sweet *Rosalind*!\* with ev'ry grace—  
Youth in thy person, beauty in thy face!  
Thou well may'st charm with that bewitching  
tongue  
Sorrow from age—and fond hearts from the young;  
Thy mien is heav'nly, and thine eye as bright  
As the first Star that decks a Summer's night;  
And, O! a smile upon thy cheek reposes  
Sweetly, as Cupid on a bed of roses.  
Fair *Lydia*,† still pursue thy bright career;  
Let others rob us of the sigh and tear;  
Whilst thou, more kindly, from the cheek of care  
Shalt banish Grief, and place Hope's dimple there.

---

\* In "As you like it."

† In the "Rivals."

Long, long may'st thou survive to charm the age  
As *Lady Teazle* and *Orsino's*\* page!

And when at last you quit the busy scene,  
May smiling Friendship, with a brow serene,  
Give thee a welcome to her radiant shrine,  
And with her beams illumine thy life's decline.

---

\* Viola, in "Twelfth Night."

N<sup>o</sup> XII.

MR. MUNDEN.

~~~~~  
“ In Reason, Nature, Truth, he puts his trust :  
Ye Fops, be silent ! and, ye Wits, be just ! ”

*Prologue to “ Irene.”*  
~~~~~

MARK this fair audience ! see, on ev’ry face,  
The tear of feeling claims its hallow’d place !  
Look round on all, and let their sorrows tell,  
He plays *Old Dornton*\*—need we say how well ?  
For, he has pow’r, by Nature’s gentler arts,  
To raise one feeling in a thousand hearts ;  
To wake the slumb’ring passions, and draw forth  
The tributary tear for fallen worth :  
That noblest homage to an actor’s skill ;  
Sincere, though mournful ; ’ eloquent, though still.

---

\* “ Road to Ruin.”

But, now, how chang'd this audience! all are  
gay!

See there the cause! *Old Dozey*\* comes this way;  
And ev'ry eye is beaming with delight,  
At "Past Ten o'Clock, and a Rainy Night."  
But, let us turn to *Marall*;† there we mark  
How bright a flame may issue from a spark;—  
How fair a picture from a sketch may rise,  
When skill the needful colouring supplies.  
It is as if the Goddess of his art  
Had sought a being fit to act the part;  
And then had made his comic pow'rs increase,  
To let the world behold her master-piece.

Nor must the Muse, in this her humble page,  
Forget his scenes of garrulous old age.  
There are, who think that we need only trace  
The traits of age upon the wrinkled face;  
But we those traits ev'n from his voice can borrow,  
Which squeaks the Old Man's joy, and croaks the  
Old Man's sorrow.

His step is feeble, and his eyes are dim,  
Whilst age and weakness seem to shake each limb;

---

\* Past Ten o'Clock.

† A New Way to Pay Old Debts.

And, as poor *Adam*\* totters from the Stage,  
 We say, “ Behold the picture of old age!”  
 Oh ! who hath seen his *Bramble*,† and not felt  
 Each sterner feeling in his bosom melt  
 Like snow on flow’rs, which, as the sun appears,  
 Catches his rays, and straight dissolves to tears ?  
 And who, though vex’d with private griefs the  
     while,  
 Could e’er refuse his *Brummagem*‡ a smile ?  
 His *Ephraim Smooth* ;§ pert *Jumps*,|| the village  
     dandy ;  
 His *Rapid*,¶ *Caustic*,\*\* *Cockletop*,†† and *Handy*?‡‡

Yet, some there are, who ever sternly aim  
 To seek out error, and o’erwhelm with blame ;  
 Who view all merit with an evil eye,  
 And call each touch of art, buffoonery :  
 E’en as the locust, hov’ring o’er the earth,  
 Falls on the flow’r, to crush it in its birth.

\* Iron Chest.

‡ Lock and Key.

|| Farmer.

\*\* Way to Get Married.

‡‡ Speed the Plough.

† Poor Gentleman.

§ Wild Oats.

¶ A Cure for the Heart-ache.

†† Modern Antiques.

So fall these rav'nous critics on their prey,  
And draw the honied dews of gentle Hope away.

Let these condemn thee, MUNDEN, in their lays;  
Their praise is censure, and their censure, praise!  
Let them still term thee the buffoon of art;  
Be thou content to touch the feeling heart;  
And raise fond smiles round Beauty's dimpled chin,  
Those beaming heralds of a joy within!

If 'tis buffoonery, for fancied woe  
To bid the tears of soften'd feeling flow;  
If 'tis buffoonery, to cheer the breast,  
And banish Sorrow from her mournful nest;  
If 'tis buffoonery, to represent  
Each part as Nature and his Author meant;  
If admiration be buffoon'ry's meed—  
Then, then is MUNDEN a buffoon indeed!



N<sup>o</sup> XIII.

## MISS M. TREE.



Why are nature's beauties felt ?

Oh ! 'tis thine in her we see:

Why has music pow'r to melt ?

Oh ! because it speaks like thee.

*Moore.*



THERE are Forms, which, view'd but once, remain  
On the mind, and go not forth again.

And, Oh ! there are tones of music sent  
From the heart (which is Feeling's instrument!)  
Whose passion thrills, and whose memory stays,  
With a dream-like sound, in after days :  
And sure never form was more divine,  
Nor song more pensively sweet than thine.

Thou seem'st a Spirit of Music pouring  
Her voice of sighs thro' the pausing air ;  
And the hearts of all are wrapt,—adoring  
A lay so pure from a Spirit so fair.

And all is still as a maiden's lips,  
When the light of the pale Moon shows them  
To one, who over the green-sward trips,  
And bids his own lips close them.  
For there lives no soul, whose bosom owns  
A sense of feeling, would lose those tones—  
Those tones, which, like flow'rs, are form'd by  
thee,  
Into a wreath of melody.

Oh ! I ne'er shall forget the moment, when  
Thou cam'st as the lovely *Imogen* ;  
With maiden fear, and with down-cast eye,  
And a world of dear simplicity ;  
As if, of all assembled there,  
Thou only knew'st not, thou wer't fair.  
And, never leaf, from a rose's breast,  
When the day was past, and the wind at rest,  
On the bosom of earth more mutely fell,  
Than thy echoless footstep—*Ariel* !

Oh ! thou wast a “ living voice,” that rose,  
At the Sorcerer's\* call, from deep repose,

---

\* Prospero.

As it lay in the cowslip's bell, or where  
The bee suck'd honey from roses fair.

And when in murmurs, thou breath'dst along  
The music\* of Erin's own "Child of Song,"  
Methought that I heard the last faint sighs,  
Which Melody utters, ere she dies ;  
As if her soul, upon light airs driven,  
Were mounting slow with her song to Heaven.

---

\* "Mary I believ'd thee true."

## N° XIV.

## M R. E M E R Y.

~~~~~

“ *Viola.* I beseech you, what manner of man is he?

*Fabian.* Nothing of that wonderful promise, to read him by his form,  
as you are like to find him in the proof.”

*Twelfth Night, Act iii, scene 4.*

~~~~~

Th’ unpolish’d diamond is truly known  
By those who prize not outward show alone ;  
Who judge not at a glance, but wisely deem  
That darkest clouds may hide the brightest beam.  
Who gaze thro’ nature’s rude and rugged dress,  
And view her charms of half-veil’d loveliness :  
To these I speak, who, by research, can find  
*In formis rudibus*, the noble mind ;  
And think, with me, that nuts with rough externals,  
Oft-times contain the most delicious kernels.

But, soft! methinks I'm wandering from my  
sphere,—

So, come my hearty, "York, *you're* wanted here."

Who would suspect, when Emery draws nigh,

With globe-like visage, and a saucer eye,

That 'neath that coarse exterior could be

Such humour, join'd to sensibility?

The first, let Colman's martial Plough-boy show,

Or Shakspeare's *Toby*, "Chevalier et Sot;"

Like many a worthy, who has held the rule,

Whom majesty dubb'd knight, whom nature had  
dubb'd fool.

The last, let *Tyke*, the felon *Tyke* proclaim,  
Harden'd in crime, and lost to virtuous shame.

There can we trace frail nature in her course

From play to crime, from anguish to remorse;

Until, at length, Repentance pours her balm

Upon the wounded heart, and all again is calm.

Where is the actor, where is one who can

Enact like thee, the "ancient Gentleman,"\*

Who gives up riddles, and who chaunts a stave,

Who jests with *Hamlet*, and then digs a grave?

---

\* "Your Grave-digger is your only ancient gentleman."

*Hamlet.*

But, why recount each individual part,  
In which he moves the fancy or the heart ?  
Why dwell on beauties, clear as daylight's eye,  
When gazing thro' the greyly-dappled sky ?  
He ne'er o'ersteps the line that nature draws,  
Nor sinks his judgment to the mob's applause.  
He strays not thro' buffoon'ry's slipp'ry ways,  
But holds the surer, nobler road to praise.  
Be ever thus ; and let the public tell  
How you've " play'd many parts," and play'd them  
well.

N<sup>o</sup> XV.

## MISS COPELAND.

~~~~~  
"Where should this music be? i' the air, or the earth?"

*Shakspeare's "Tempest."*

"Thou to man canst act,  
And well canst act, the moralizer's part;  
Thou art a page in nature's volume fair,  
And wise thy lesson."

*G. Dyer.*  
~~~~~

WHENCE flows that wild, that melancholy strain,  
Which playful Echo listens to in vain?  
For ere her ear can catch its dulcet sighs,  
Each note grows fainter, and in distance dies.

It comes again! and sweetly floats around,  
As if a *soul* inhabited the sound:  
It comes again! and, ere it fades in air,  
Steals to the breast, and wakes an echo *there*.

Whence flows that strain?—alas! those sighs impart—

Those murmurs say—from *Madge's*\* broken heart:  
Poor witless girl! who mak'st each wood and vale  
Resound with fragments of some cherish'd tale,  
Which live in mem'ry's wreck, and mind's decay,  
When reason, hope, and joy, have sadly pass'd  
away.

But no! in this lone ruin of the mind,  
The form of *Geordie* lingers yet behind:  
A shadow flitting o'er a gloomy wild,  
Which once in loveliness and beauty smil'd;  
Where love—*first love*, unchang'd by woes or  
years,  
Still mutely lives—but lives, alas! in tears.

Where now the hopes that bless'd her op'ning  
youth?  
For ever vanish'd with her lover's truth!  
Where now the joys that ev'ry care beguil'd?  
In the cold grave where sleeps her infant child!

---

\* "*Madge Wildfire*," in Dibdin's "*Heart of Mid-Lothian*."



Poor *Madge*! my heart (all joyless tho' it be,)   
 Forgets its griefs, and turns to weep for *thee*.   
 For thee, who still art delicately fair,   
 As Spring's last lily, when it wooes the air   
 Which the young Summer wafts from her green   
        bowers,   
 To revel (like youth's hopes) midst sweetest   
        flow'rs.

But see! she falls—e'en as a beaming star   
 That drops from heav'n, and, like the *Sabiar*,\*   
 Fades in her own sweet music.—Life is gone!—   
 But lies she there unpitied and alone?   
 No! there is one beside that pallid corse,   
 Who feels at last the tortures of remorse;   
 And, whilst he gazes on that injur'd shade,   
 Weeps o'er the ruin which his falsehood made.

How blinded they, who scorn the Drama's page,   
 And deem that vice and lewdness guide the stage;

---

\* “A purple bird called a *Sabiar* was shot near St. Gonzales, and, though badly wounded, immediately set up a full and melodious song, which continued until its latest moments.”—*Luccock's notes on Rio de Janeiro. Chap. x.*

But hearts unprejudic'd can gather thence  
 Knowledge and truth, morality and sense.  
 What better lesson can the world display,  
 To turn the soul from guilty love away,  
 Than yon poor relic of a thoughtless mind,  
 Which trusted but to one—and that one prov'd  
     unkind?\*

See there the veil of reason torn apart,  
 To shew the anguish of a doting heart;

---

\* I cannot resist quoting the following lines from MOORE, which seem to me particularly applicable to the above faint sketch.

———Hapless girl, in one sad hour,  
 Her charms have shed their radiant flower;  
 The Gem has been beguil'd away;  
 Her eyes have lost their chastening ray;  
 The simple fear, the guiltless shame,  
 The smiles that from reflection came,  
 All, all have fled, and left her mind  
 A faded monument behind!  
 Like some wave-beaten, mouldering stone,  
 To memory rais'd by hands unknown,  
 Which, many a wintry hour, has stood  
 Beside the ford of Tyra's flood,  
*To tell the traveller as he crost,*  
*That there some loved friend was lost!"*

Whose only fault was crediting the vow,  
Which perjur'd *Geordie's* soul, and leaves her  
lonely now.

The man who views a moral scene like this,  
Will weigh the moments of a guilty bliss,  
With long, long years of sorrow, and a name  
Allied to hatred, early blight, and shame;  
And learn his blinding passions to control,  
Before they rise and overwhelm the soul.

Oh! could the "Ariosto of the north,"\*  
Behold thee, gentle COPELAND, stealing forth  
Like the fair Naiad of some moon-light stream,  
Or wingless spirit of a lover's dream,  
His own creation, he would scarcely trace,  
Thus mellow'd into tenderness and grace.

Thy beauty lends an eloquence to grief,  
"Which claims protection, and compels relief."

---

\* Sir Walter Scott.

Each trait of feeling, ev'ry tone and look  
Demands a page in mem'ry's hallow'd book ;  
And lives, "in characters unworn by time,"  
A beacon-light of truth to warn the heart from  
crime.

N<sup>o</sup> XVI.

## MR. MATHEWS.

~~~~~  
“ ————— the happiest wit,  
The choicest brain the times have sent us forth.”

*Ben Jonson.*

“ I am like the man in the Almanack, turn which way I will, a  
happy constellation looks me in the face.”

*Cumberland.*  
~~~~~

WHAT shall we call thee, thou amusing elf,  
Who hast a host of beings in thyself;  
Who canst variety in all infuse,  
And changest like th' expiring Dolphin's hues,  
Or skies in April? say what term would be  
Appropriate, thou world's epitome?  
Thou ambulating Rainbow! fitful Hope!  
Thou earthly Moon! thou live Kaleidoscope!  
Thou twenty Voices! Antidote to woe?  
Thou one Plurality! thou single Co!

Shall I attempt the endless toil and trouble,  
Of following thee thro' each succeeding part;

Thy *Old Scotch Lady* and *Sir Hubble Bubble*,  
And *Major Benbow*\* and—Od ! life and heart !  
I may as well count sands on the sea-coast,  
Or stars in heav'n, as number the huge host !

But thy *Sir Fretful* must not be forgot !  
Oh ! no ; “ it, ling’ring, haunts the greenest spot  
In Mem’ry’s waste ! ” and yet, I do not mean  
To paint the various beauties of the scene ;  
Or add my useless praise—(poor helpless stuff!)—  
To *name* the character is praise enough.

There are, who, with assum’d importance, say  
“ He’s a good *mimic*, but he cannot *play* ! ”  
Now tell me, gentle Sirs, at what you aim,  
Are mimicry and acting not the same ?  
Doth YOUNG do more than mimic *Hamlet’s* woes ?  
Or is he Denmark’s Prince himself ?—disclose !  
Is KEAN *Othello* when the play is o’er ?  
Or doth he merely *ape* the jealous Moor ?

What do ye answer, Sirs ? what tongue-tied?—  
mute ?

So should have been your censure ! for ye shoot

---

\*Characters in his “ AT HOME.”

“ Your arrows o’er the house,” and miss the mark.—  
Whose aim is true, when firing *in the dark*?

But, fare thee well, thou genuine son of mirth!  
Who leav’st the smiling country of thy birth  
For Transatlantic shores; where’er you roam,  
My parting wish is—may you be “AT HOME.”

N<sup>o</sup> XVII.

MR. MACREADY.

~~~~~  
"Lord of the soul! Magician of the heart!"

"*Emerald Isle.*"  
~~~~~

THERE is a Shrine, bedew'd with many a tear,  
To lovers blissful, and to friendship dear;  
Where art expires—where evil passions sleep,  
And hearts of grief, in silence, love to weep :  
A stream of living flame around it plays,  
And Genius oft-times gilds it with his rays :  
Whilst heav'nly Pity, like th' encircling vine,  
Clings gently round, and breathes along the  
shrine,—

The Shrine of Feeling—and her vot'ry thou,  
Before whose pow'r the sternest hearts must bow,



Whose force and judgment, eloquence, and truth,  
Give fire to age, and virtuous zeal to youth.  
Thy mountains, Scotia, soaring to the skies,  
Once held a race train'd up to enterprize,  
Their chief, *Rob Roy*—the boldest of the clan,  
Who dar'd assert the privilege of man;  
Who, when his country was by force oppress'd,  
Burn'd with desire to see her wrongs redress'd,  
Who held th' oppressor's cruel laws at nought,  
Nor lost the liberty for which he fought.  
*Rob Roy* still lives—his ardour to be free—  
His life—his soul—his spirit—are in thee.

Mighty Conception!—with thy giant aid,  
A form sublime is moulded from a shade—  
Thou can'st supply the vacancies of skill,  
Embody “airy nothings” at thy will,  
Give to dull beings, forms of life and light,  
And put false taste, and sophistry to flight.  
Then hail, MACREADY! for, in thee, we find  
The clear conceptions of a well-stor'd mind:  
Each darker passion thou can'st well pourtray,  
Or lead the heart with gentleness away;  
Like th' *Æolian* lyre, thy voice can swell,  
Can loudly burst—or tales of fondness tell;

Sweetly, as when upon the golden strings,  
Some timid dove doth rest her weary wings,  
Whose flutt'rings wake the sounds—all sounds  
    above,  
That breathe affection, gratitude, and love.

N<sup>o</sup> XVIII.

## MRS. DAVENPORT.

~~~~~

I found, or thought I found, you did exceed  
The barren tender of a Poet's debt:  
And, therefore, have I slept in your report,  
That you, yourself, being extant, well might show  
How far a modern quill doth come too short,  
Speaking of worth, what worth in you doth grow,  
*Shakspeare.*

~~~~~

It is nor youth's, nor beauty's charm alone,  
Nor the eye's brightness, nor the voice's tone  
Of melting sweetness, nor the steps which press  
The earth, as if they fear'd the flow'rs caress  
That spring beneath ; nor forms which Love would  
choose,  
Or Poet fancy, to inspire his Muse ;  
It is not loveliness, it is not grace,  
Nor flowing hair, nor music-breathing face,  
That should engross attention, thought, or praise,  
And be alone remember'd in our lays.

No! when the Summer-days of life have fled,  
And Youth is gone, and beauty's bloom is shed,  
The Muse should cherish rather than despise:  
"Act well your part—'tis *there* the honour lies."

THOU dost act well! nay, admirably too,  
And shew'st what nature, judgment, truth can do,  
Unaided by the charms which youth bestows;  
The eye of splendor, and the cheek of rose.

Fain would my verse, in glowing accents, tell  
That thy *Dame Quickly* hath no parallel;  
That *Mrs. Peachum*, when thou'rt gone, will be  
A story told:—she lives—she'll die with thee;  
And that *M'Tab*\* and *Deborah*† will not,  
So long as Truth can charm us, be forgot.

But here I pause; no pen, like mine, can give  
New life to things which once have ceas'd to live,  
Then can it proudly—soaringly endeavour  
To lend a charm to that which lives for ever?  
Oh! no; 'tis weak as Folly's changing vow,  
And cannot add a laurel to thy brow:

---

\* In the "Poor Gentleman."

† Deborah Woodcock, in "Love in a Village."

But, had it pow'r, 'twould joy to place thy name  
Upon the records of enduring Fame :  
Or could Perfection ever be express'd  
By one short word, 'twould write thy NURSE\*—and  
rest.

---

\* In "Romeo and Juliet."

N<sup>o</sup> XIX.

## M R. J O N E S.

~~~~~  
 " His acting always strong, but sometimes such,  
 That Candour must declare he acts too much."

Churchill.

~~~~~

HE who hath read a book both dull and deep,  
 Which bids its wearied reader fall asleep,  
 And, tir'd at length, with *themata* scholastic,  
 Resorts to works more light and Hudibrastic ;  
 He who leaves Coke, for Philidor or Sarratt,\*  
 Gross beef for game, or drowsy port for claret ;  
 He who hath lost an old wife, and anon  
 Picks up a younger, and a fairer one,  
 May judge how pleasantly, and *à propos*  
 A merry Farce succeeds to scenes of woe ;

---

\* Two writers on Chess.

And how we hail the sprightly voice of JONES  
When bor'd awhile by some dry ranter's tones.

Who would not rather view that laughing knave,  
Than hear a senseless, dull Tragedian rave ;  
Who roars his rage out like an angry steer,  
Insults the judgment, and offends the ear,  
Who gives us bombast, where we look for sense,  
For passion, rant—for feeling, vehemence ?

Yet JONES (like some fair dames whom I could  
mention),

Does violence to Nature's best intention,  
And brings her forward, like a maid of honor,  
With quantum suff. of gaudy rouge upon her.

In other words, he *over-acts*, and draws,  
By arts unworthy, Gallery applause.

Yet still, like WRENCH, he hath the pow'r to please,  
Tho' not his native playfulness and ease :  
But, who, unless 'tis HARLEY, can essay  
To match that liveliest actor of the day ?

His *Contrast*\* I can very well endure,  
Tho' not exactly *suivant la Nature* ;

---

\* "Lord of the Manor."

For, characters like these are brought to view,  
To be despis'd, and as a lesson too;  
And, "ridicule shall frequently prevail,  
And cut the knot, when graver reasons fail."  
But, oh! *Mercutio* (whose words impart  
The gayest feelings of a merry heart,  
Whose eye is pregnant with the light of joy),  
He makes a creature, neither man nor boy;  
A downright coxcomb; one, in whom are found  
Nor sense, nor manners,—nothing, except *sound*.

His *James*\* is excellent; but, what a figure  
He forms of poor *Sir Lucius O'Trigger*!  
I speak not of his *acting*; but, who can,  
Thro' that vile *dress*, discern the gentleman?†  
But, Blame be mute! let Candour now confess  
That he has gain'd, and merited success;  
And, "to his lot tho' trivial errors fall,  
See but his *Puff*, and you'll forget them all!"

---

\* "School for Authors."

† "Sir Robert Bramble, in "The Poor Gentleman," says,  
'Tis damn'd hard to mistake a Baronet of the *old* school  
for a Bailiff!" This, I fear, would not apply to Mr. Jones's  
*modern* one. Nothing would be more natural than such an  
error: at least, in this individual instance.



N<sup>o</sup> XX.

MR. OXBERRY.

~~~~~

“ Nature hath giv’n thy Worshipful a face  
 Accordant with thy wit ;—distinguish’d more  
 By merriment than beauty.”

*Old Play of “ The Buckler,” Act ii, scene 3.*

~~~~~

No Sun revolves that does not bring to light  
 New proofs, to shew our heav’nly bard was right,  
 Who said (the which I echo in my rhyme)  
 “ Nature hath fram’d strange fellows in her time :”  
 And THOU art one of them ! Aye ; marry, she  
 Did use her *strangest* die when moulding thee ;  
 And, pleas’d at her own skill, the Goddess sent  
 Thee forth, to charm the world with merriment ;  
 To win the mind to cheerfulness, and throw  
 A robe of smiles upon the form of Woe.  
 Well is her aim fulfill’d !—thou’st done thy part !—  
 For, cares and tears exist not where *thou* art,

And griefs, and frowns, and dulness are remote :  
Thy very visage is their antidote.

Who, that hath seen thy *Maw-worm*, will deny  
That 'tis the best the Stage can now supply ?  
Who will not own that thou art great indeed—O  
Most wondrous great, as Tobin's starv'd *Lampedo* ;  
That thou art *Justice Greedy*† to a T,  
And, to a miracle, play'st *Gregory*.‡

But, still, if even these should not suffice,  
To win stern Critic's favor, in a trice  
Thou may'st obtain it, come but swagg'ring forth  
As *Master Stephen*,§ and they'll own thy worth ;  
And think they see Ben Jonson's braggart live  
In thee, his ablest representative.

But why, when *Drury* hath not one to fill  
These sev'ral characters, with half thy skill,  
Art thou away ; concealing from the town,  
Those gifts, which seen, are warrants of renown ;  
Those gifts that Nature, in her bounty, gave  
To please the gay, and animate the grave ?

---

\* In the "Honey Moon." † "New Way to Pay Old Debts."

‡ In "Turn Out." § "Every Man in his Humour."

If 'tis the fault of others, that you waste  
Such talents thus—I pity much their taste :  
If thine—I grieve :—but, whichsoe'er it be,  
I'm sorry, worthy Public, most for thee.

N<sup>o</sup> XXI.

## MISS O'NEILL.

~~~~~  
" ——— Beauty's tears are lovelier than her smile."

*Campbell.*  
~~~~~

THE tender bud, that droops its modest head,  
In silent sorrow, o'er its lonely bed,  
Can gain more int'rest in the feeling breast,  
Than the gay flow'r which blooms above the rest.  
There is a sadness in the wither'd leaf,  
That seems to claim communion with our grief:  
There is a melancholy round it cast,  
Which breathes to us of happier days long past;  
And mutely tells us, " Tho' we bloom to day,  
To morrow's wind may sweep that bloom away."

'Tis strange, that fancied sorrows can impart  
A sense of pleasure to the anxious heart:—

Yet, so it is!—thy *Isabella* draws  
The sure—tho' silent, pledge of our applause :  
Not the loud rounds which thunder in our ears,  
But the mute, eloquent applause of tears ;  
The broken sigh—the rapture half express'd—  
The anxious heaving of th' attentive breast,  
These—these are thine, and prove that none can be,  
A friend to feeling, and a foe to THEE.

Yet would'st thou be more mod'rate in each part,  
The road would be as easy to the heart :  
For sorrow dwells not in the roaring deep,  
But where the placid waters seem to sleep ;\*  
Not on the tempest-stricken, nodding trees,  
But where they droop, unruffled by a breeze.

Yet, *Belvidera*!—*Isabel*!—be wise ;  
*Monimia*!—*Juliet*! from thy dream arise!—  
Arise! and from thy trammels now be free,  
Shake off the binding chains of comedy.  
Melpomene, indignant, stands aside,  
And heaves a sigh, that thou should'st hurt her  
pride,

---

\* “ La Douleur qui se tait n'en est que plus funeste.”

*Racine.*

By thus deserting all her world of charms,  
To wanton in the vain Thalia's arms.

The tragic muse alone should claim thee now,  
And wreaths of cypress leaves adorn thy brow ;  
The laughing roses to fair BRUNTON give,  
Upon the *tragic* brow they cannot live.

N<sup>o</sup> XXII.

MR. HARLEY.

~~~~~  
“ One whose wit's his Indies.”

*Ford.*  
~~~~~

THERE are some Spirits, in this world of ours,  
Whom Nature has indemnified from cares,  
And chill Misfortune's enervating show'rs,  
By gaiety, that rays the passing hours,  
And bids “ the sunshine of the breast” be theirs.  
O'er them pale Sorrow holds a bounded sway,  
For them hath dark Adversity no shade ;  
For they have joys within which ne'er decay,  
Sweet, springing buds of bliss that never fade.

And such an one is HARLEY I should deem !  
A man, who looks on life as on a dream

Of faëry, and bright love, and summer days,  
And nights of moonlight and entrancing lays :  
Who seems aye revelling in youth and bloom,  
And smiling, “ as if earth contain’d no tomb.”

In sooth, he is the merriest knave that ever,  
With cheerful ease, bade man and sorrow sever :  
The liveliest rogue that ever call’d a smile

Into the Paradise of woman’s cheek :  
And (higher praise !) he calls no blush the while,

For wit and *modesty* conjointly speak.  
His wit, indeed, is always “ in condition,”  
And proves Affliction’s very best physician ;  
A cure for man’s imaginary evils,  
And matchless in all cases of blue devils.  
He is, in short, the most mercurial fellow  
That e’er delighted us as *Leporello*,\*  
As gay *Trappanti*†—literary *Mat*,‡  
Or pert *Lissardo*,§ full of love and chat ;

---

\* Giovanni in London.

† She would and she would not.

‡ Miller’s Maid.

§ Wonder.



As *Marplot*,\* *Swiftsure*,† *Paragon*,‡ or *Hint*,§  
*Marcelli*,|| *Tibbs*,¶ or——but, “*hæc satis sint!*”

So here we part, inimitable *Peter* !\*\*

Farewell ! *longaque tibi vita detur !*

\* Busy Body.

† Wild Goose Chase.

‡ Touchstone.

§ Faro Table.

|| Devil's Bridge.

¶ Mr. Tibbs, an unsuccessful one act piece.

\*\* Peter Fidget in the Boarding House.

N<sup>o</sup> XXIII.

MR. W. FARREN.

~~~~~  
“ I never knew so young a body with so old a head.”

*Shakspeare.*  
~~~~~

EACH day's experience confirms the truth,  
That old men, oft-times, love to play the youth ;  
But Age, that chastener of human pride,  
Forbids their arms to lay the crutch aside ;  
And Art, with all her pow'r, cannot erase  
One furrow'd line or wrinkle from the face ;  
Nor, when th' elastic bound of youth has fled,  
Impart new lightness to their tott'ring tread.  
But rarely do we find the young delight  
In casting off activity and might,  
To play the dotard, with his falt'ring knee,  
And palsied hand, and shrill loquacity ;  
To bow the head, and bid the manly throat  
Emit a tremulous, and small, still note ;

And hide the lustre of a fiery eye  
With the pale film of dull senility.

Yet, FARREN has done this, so chastely true,  
That whilst *he* lives—*Lord Ogleby* lives too !  
His would-be youthful gait, his sunken chest,  
His vacant smile, so faithfully exprest,  
His hollow cheek, nay, e'en his fingers, shew  
The aged man and antiquated beau.

Yet, he to passion's topmost heights can climb,  
Can touch the heart and make e'en farce—sublime.  
Behold his *Lovegold*, when the treasure's gone,  
Which had been all on earth he doted on :  
Behold his *Item*,\* when, with hurried air,  
He sues to *Clement*, who rejects his pray'r,  
And leaves him to his anguish and despair.

Or would you laugh?—then see his “ foolish  
knight,”†

Too vain for quiet, yet afraid to fight;  
Who, with *Sir Toby*, nightly breaks the peace,  
By getting drunk with toasting *Toby's* niece.

---

\* In “ The Steward.”      † Sir Andrew Ague-cheek.

In sooth, few men upon the stage can tickle us  
With such a sample of the true ridiculous :  
His antic capers—his affected grace—  
His braggart words and pilchard-looking face,  
Would put old Care and all his imps to flight,  
And call forth laughter from an Anchorite.

Or would you wish *historic truth* to see?  
Look at his *Frederick*\*—'tis identity !  
Like him in form, in visage, and in years,  
In dress, deportment, habits, he appears ;  
And wanders onward, with impatient tread,  
“ In the same figure like the king that's dead.”

Oh ! 'twere as easy to form pearls from dew,  
Or gold from sand, or ebony from yew ;  
Or plant a vineyard on the raging seas,  
As hope to rival him in parts like these !  
And, O ! ye Actors ! be assur'd of this,  
That 'twere as easy (take it not amiss !)  
To change the fam'd Bonassus to a weasel,  
As equal FARREN in *Sir Peter Teazle*.

---

\* Frederick of Prussia, in the “Two Pages.”

**MISCELLANIES.**



## MY UNCLE:

BY TIMOTHY BUBBLE, ESQ.

*With an Epistle to the Author.*

//////////  
“ Hail, wedded bliss !”  
//////////

### I.

ABOUT a month ago, my fair wife Kate  
Sat snugly with her husband drinking tea;  
With muffins she took care to fill my plate,  
And I took *special* care that they fill'd me.  
I ate so hugely at our *tête à tête*,  
That 'twas indeed a goodly sight to see :  
At least, I thought so; but my wife (Lord save  
her!)  
Became enrag'd, and called her spouse a *shaver*.\*

---

\* For an explanation of this term, ask any little black-guard boy about London or its vicinity.

## II.

“How now!” she cried; “must I for ever spread  
“Fresh butter upon muffin after muffin?  
“Why cannot you, like other folk, eat bread,  
“And not consume a shilling at each stuffing?”  
And, shaking then, most knowingly, her head,  
She gently murmur’d something about cuffing:  
But, I enforc’d the matrimonial law,  
And bade my rib (with sternness) hold her jaw!\*

## III.

“Must I be pester’d,” cried I, with a frown,  
“By the continual roaring of thy trumpet?  
“But I *will* eat (ay, if it cost a crown!)  
“My fill of roll, of muffin, or of crumpet.  
“No crumb of bread shall with my tea go down;  
“And, if you *like* it not, why you may *lump* it;†  
“And, be assur’d, however you may squeak,  
“I’ll not play *Jerry* to your *Mistress Sneak*.”

---

\* An elegant school term.

† Consult the same authority.



## IV.

Oh! had you mark'd how humble she became,

Oh! had you mark'd what work my words had  
done,

Oh! had you mark'd her downcast eye of flame,

(Her *eyes* I say not, for she had but *one*,)

Oh! had you mark'd the gath'ring blush of shame

Spread o'er her cheek, like ros'd clouds o'er the  
sun,

You would have own'd that not a dame in high life

E'er look'd more fair or charmingly than my wife.

## V.

A mutual pardon settled all the clamour;

To please, I thought far better than to vex;

Another husband p'rhaps would scold or damn her,

But, I had always feeling for the sex;

And, when I saw my subjects blush or stammer,

I was an *indulgentissimus Rex*:

Nay, more than once, the trembling dears to please,

I've even fall'n before them on my knees.

## VI.

But, to my subject. Down we sat at table,  
And I pull'd out a vilely-scrawl'd M. S.;  
Then, alter'd it as well as I was able,  
And sent it to you in its novel dress.  
'Twas much *extended*; thus 'twas reasonable  
That I should wish to see it in the *press*:  
So, if it will not give you too much trouble,  
Pop it among your "Portraits"— Yours,

T. BUBBLE.

M. S.  
SKETCH  
OF MY  
UNCLE MATTHEW,  
TRAGEDIAN, COMEDIAN, AND BON-VIVANT.

~~~~~  
"A kind, good man, even towards his foes;

"An honest knave, all goodness, and all-nose."

*Anon.*  
~~~~~

I.

My Uncle Matthew was a knowing wight,  
Who made an hour pass quickly as a minute;  
A glass ne'er found much favour in his sight,  
Unless, perchance, good liquor sparkled in it.  
His nose, at morn, seemed rather blanch'd or white,  
(Mat sang through it, as sweetly as a linnet;)  
But, noontide saw it purpled: and, its hue  
At sunset, with blue-ruin, chang'd to blue.

## II.

'Twas like that herb which Pliny calls Polion,\*  
 And was indeed a very mighty nose;  
 A nose that barnacles† might joy to lie on,  
 In all the silent “languor of repose;”  
 And which, the bees were very apt to fly on,  
 Mistaking his proboscis for a rose;  
 And when his eyes rain'd tears, in drunken freaks,  
 His nose was an umbrella to his cheeks.

## III

For snuff he car'd not—never took a *preeze*  
 But once in all his life; and then, a noise  
 (My gentle reader, 'twas no common sneeze)  
 Burst through his nose, “as tho' it did rejoice  
 At the birth of a young earth-quake.”‡ He did  
 please  
 To say that snuff would spoil the sweetest voice:

\* A sort of herb, whose leaves appear white in the morning, of a purple colour at noon, and blue at sunset.

† *Vulgarly* called spectacles.

‡ *Vide* “Childe Harold,” Canto 3.

Indeed, I think, if taken down our throats,  
It might perhaps affect the higher notes.

## IV.

But, this deep question I must leave at rest,  
And turn again to uncle :—he ne'er smok'd,  
For the same reason ;—nay, he oft confess'd  
(Tho' on my soul, I think old Matty jok'd)  
That smoking once so touch'd him in the chest,  
That like a dying frog his voice had croak'd.  
But, he disclos'd to me, at Truefit's wig-sale,  
He lov'd a *quid*—particularly *pigtail*.

## V.

Yet, in his youth, fair dames on Mat. did look  
With fondness and affection ; for, he seem'd  
More beautiful than Cupid when he took  
The form of young Ascanius ; nor deem'd  
That his blue eye, as clear as summer-brook,  
Would change so quickly then ; nor ever dream'd  
That many a vile and villanous carbuncle  
Would soon usurp the *nasus* of my Uncle.

## VI.

My Muse shall now relate how this befell ;  
    ( She'll be minute, and sing it to a letter ; )  
There was a lady, whom he lov'd as well  
    As his own life—or, even, rather better.  
He felt quite queerish—*why* he could not tell,  
    But, love had bound poor Matty with a fetter,  
And ne'er would let his prisoner from him go :  
Thus was my uncle both in love and limbo.

## VII.

The lady scorn'd him ; for, his fortune then  
    Was like his nose at sunset—rather blue ;  
And tho' she lov'd all comely-visag'd men,  
    She thought a fortune very pretty too.  
So, when he ask'd, with breathless whisper, “ When ? ”  
    She coolly answer'd, “ What is that to you ? ”  
These harsh words stunn'd him quite ; and then,  
    unthinking,  
To drown his grief, he took—he took—to drinking.

## VIII.

He now turn'd stroller, and play'd tragedy,  
But, never caus'd a single soul to weep;  
He was all goodness—tears he could not see;  
So some folks fell a-laughing, some asleep.  
Enacting once *Macbeth* most touchingly,  
He heard a snore unmusical and deep;  
And cried (astonish'd at the nasal thunder)  
“ Can these things be, without our special wonder?”

## IX.

His fav'rite part was *Richard*, “ with a song ;”  
In sooth, he look'd as gloomy as Old Nick ;  
And, oft he heard, whilst sauntering along,  
The little blackguards shouting, “ Here comes  
*Dick !*”  
Thus was he forc'd to greet the breechless throng,  
Not with vain words, but with a feeling kick :  
And so, whene'er his *nose* provok'd their laughter,  
His *foot* provok'd the *partes* that lie after.

## X.

I saw him once play *Falstaff*, with applause,  
To the *Prince Hal* of Mr. Patrick Kelly ;  
When, lo ! the union of rags and straws,  
That was design'd to represent his belly,  
Fell on the Stage—(I know not from what cause ;  
Yet, this is a true story which I tell ye ;)  
But having coolly girded up his haunch,  
He, 'fore the audience, stuff'd again his paunch.

## XI.

I cannot say his *Hamlet* pleased me much,—  
“ 'Twas more an antique Roman than a Dane ;”  
His acting in the character was such  
As I, for one, ne'er wish to see again :  
He never offer'd one redeeming touch,  
To save it from damnation—all was vain.  
Whoe'er can praise his *Hamlet* must be mad :  
Tho' Uncle play'd it—it was very bad !



## XII.

I will not hide his faults, nor falsehoods tell,  
Nor basely rob poor Matthew of his meed ;  
*Old Absolute* he acted passing well,  
And then was very absolute indeed.  
As *Major Sturgeon* he did much excell ;  
And nothing could his *Cockletop* exceed :  
At least, I said so some few years ago ;  
But, I've seen MUNDEN since, and now say, " No ! "

## XIII.

At length, mine uncle gain'd a legacy  
Of full Two Hundred Sterling pounds a year ;  
And then he left the Stage, and now lives free,  
Without a trouble, and without a fear,  
Save when a thought of *one* lov'd tenderly  
Springs from his heart, and melts into a tear ;  
Yet, oft-times, when 'tis rising in his throttle,  
He drives it downward with his friend—the bottle.

## TO MARY.

~~~~~  
——— “ Love, still fair and fragrant, never dies,  
Fills the wide range of earth, fills all th’ expanse of skies.”

G. Dyer.

~~~~~

## I.

MY Mary! when each summer flow’r  
Is blooming in its pride again,  
I’ll fly to thee, and one sweet hour  
Shall pay me for an age of pain.  
One gentle word—one dear caress —  
One look or smile will then suffice  
To welcome, from the wilderness,  
A wand’rer into Paradise.  
Tho’ here, when friends around I see,  
My heart its sorrow smothers ;  
’Twould rather weep its tears with thee,  
Than joy in smiles with others.

## II.

For, when my young heart's prospect seem'd  
A cheerless waste, all gloom and night,  
Thine eye upon its darkness beam'd,  
And sunn'd it into life and light.  
And, as a lone but lovely flow'r,  
Which, when all other flow'rs depart,  
Still blooms within its ruin'd bow'r,  
Thou bloomest in my lonely heart.  
And shall I, then, the Rose forget,  
Which seem'd in Hope's wreath braided ;  
And, like a Spirit, lingers yet,  
Now all the rest have faded.

## III.

Oh, no! the heart, which is the seat  
Of love like mine, can never rove ;  
Its faithful pulse may cease to beat,  
But never—never cease to love :  
For Love is past the Earth's control,  
And soaring as the Ocean-wave :  
It is eternal as the soul,  
And lives and blooms beyond the grave :

It is a link of Pleasure's chain,  
A never-ending token,  
Whose lustre and whose strength remain  
When all save that are broken.



## S O N G.



" I would I were thy bird !"

*Romeo and Juliet.*



## I.

LOVE had a bird, which he, with care,  
Thro' Winter's cold had fed, Mary;  
In his bosom it dwelt, and still linger'd there,  
When the wintry time had fled, Mary.  
    Tho' Spring was nigh,  
    And a cloudless sky  
Allur'd it oft to roam, Mary;  
    It would not leave  
    The fond heart to grieve,  
Which, in sorrow, had been its home, Mary.

## II.

E'en as that bird, I shelter found,  
When clouds obscur'd my way, Mary;  
When the tempest of fate burst in wildness round,  
And Hope's star withheld its ray, Mary.  
Oh! I will be  
Still that bird to thee,  
Now Summer's smile is near, Mary;  
And fondly rest  
On the kindly breast,  
Which gave welcome when all was drear,  
Mary.

TO H. P————D, ESQ.

~~~~~

“ O mihi post ullos nunquam memorande sodales  
 O cui præcipue sors mea visa sua est ;  
 Attonitum qui me (memini) carissime, primus  
 Ausus es adloquio sustinuisse tuo ;  
 Qui mihi consilium vivendi mite dedisti  
 Cum foret in misero pectore mortis amor ! ”

*P. Ovidii Nasonis “ Tristium ” Liber i, El. 5.*

~~~~~

I.

MY Friend! my true, kind friend, in ev'ry change  
 Thro' which my footsteps have been doom'd to  
     range;  
 Whose fix'd attachment still hath been the same,  
 When Hope was known not to me—save by  
     name :  
 When each new ill but heralded a worse,  
 And life grew dark, and memory a curse ;  
 When earthly pleasures one by one departed,  
 And left me lone, and sad, and broken-hearted;—

Oh! when you read these lines, from one beyond  
the sea,  
Think that his heart is still with Friendship and  
with Thee.

## II.

Whether I wander in those distant climes  
Where bloom the sun-bright Sèmitos and Limes;  
Where humming-birds, with plumage like the  
hues  
Of heav'n's own rainbow, sip the morning dew;  
And the red Indian's slender corial  
Shoots, like a meteor, down the water's fall;  
Or here, on Holland's happier shores, repose,  
Away from towns, their tumults and their woes;  
My heart's affections turn, my thoughts, my feel-  
ings bend  
To England and to thee,—my country and my  
friend!

## III.

Oh! if my wish for thee could aught avail,  
Thy life should pass as gently as the gale  
That o'er the vallies of Arabia blows,  
And scarcely curls the soft leaves of the rose;

Should fade as mildly as the last faint streak  
That Phœbus casts o'er twilight's crimson'd  
cheek :

And when pale Death the thread of life might  
sever,

And bid thy heart's warm pulse be still for ever.  
Thou yet should'st leave behind some trace that  
ne'er could fade,

And be (like Wyoming,) *remember'd tho' decay'd!*



## THE KNIGHT AND THE PAGE.



“ Acceptissima munera sunt, auctor quæ pretiosa facit.”

*Ovid.*



### I.

“ WHAT Gift shall I send to my Lady fair?

My gentle Page unfold!”—

“ Oh! send her a lock of thy raven hair,

Enclos'd in a ring of gold.”



## II.

“ No glittering ring shall ever hold  
My hair of the raven’s dye;  
’Tis only the love of a heart that’s cold,  
Which gold, base gold can buy.”

## III.

“ Then send her, Sir Knight, a blooming wreath  
Of roses and eglantine :  
The blush they bear, and the sweets they breathe,  
Are emblems of love like thine.”

## IV.

“ Too transient the emblems, simple youth,  
A love like mine to convey :  
She will say, when they fade, ‘ thus fades thy truth,  
And thus will thy love decay.’ ”

## V.

“ Then send her the gallant trophies you won  
On the field of the holy fight;  
Thy Lady will blush at the deeds thou’st done,  
And be kind to her own true knight.”

## VI.

“ Ah! no;—the trophies of victory bear  
Full many a purple stain;  
And the dark-blue eyes of my Mistress fair  
Would weep when she thought of the slain.”

## VII.

“ When you left your Lady, an Eagle flew  
Full swiftly above thy head;  
And she sigh'd and said ‘ ’twas an omen true,  
That thou should'st be laid with the dead.’ ”

## VIII.

“ ’Twas meet the Eagle should lead to the fight,  
As he sail'd thro' the waves of air,  
And I'll send her a Dove, of plumage bright,  
To welcome me home to my Fair!”

## FLATTERY.

(FROM THE LATIN.)

---

TRUST not the words, more soft than true,  
With Flatt'ry's honied charms beset:  
The Fowler's pipe sounds sweetly too,  
But lures his victims to the net.



## ANACREONTIC.

---

I.

I WILL not stain my lips with wine,  
That has been sipp'd by lips like thine;  
For fear a breath should mantling lie,  
Some fickle tear or treach'rous sigh,  
Which, from thy perjur'd bosom, stole,  
To poison Love's enamour'd bowl.

## II.

Yet, no, no, no! I'll not resign  
The bliss thou givest, precious wine!  
Fill up! fill up! each care I'll hide  
Beneath the bright, the ruby tide!  
As thou, beneath a playful eye,  
Did'st hide a heart of treachery.



THERE WERE HOPES THAT BLOOM'D  
FOR ME.



## I

THERE were hopes that bloom'd for me,  
There were joys which shone o'er thee,  
And our bosoms were like two flowers  
Not yet bow'd by storms or showers.  
Friends were smiling in mirth and gladness,  
And we knew nor care nor sadness;  
For our hearts were fondly united,  
And no hope of our young days blighted.

## II.

But the time of joy pass'd o'er,  
 And the friends, who smil'd before,  
 Not a sigh from their hearts could borrow,  
 Nor a tear to mourn our sorrow.  
 Yes ! those false-ones, who clung around us  
 Ere the storms of Winter found us,  
 Fell away, like a rose's blossoms,  
 From our wounded and wither'd bosoms.



## STANZAS TO ———.

(WRITTEN IN THE WEST INDIES.)



Jamque quiescebant voces hominumq. : canumque :

Lunaque nocturnos alta regebat equos.

*Ov. Trist. Lib. i, El. 3.*



THE sullen winds have died away,  
 And all around serene appears :  
 The dews hang thick, as if the day,  
 Tho' fled, had left its parting tears.

No more the warblers tune their throats,  
And gaily fly from tree to tree :  
The tinkling Banjer's simple notes  
Alone breathe out their melody.

Unnumber'd stars adorn the sky,  
Whilst fire-flies o'er the parch'd earth throw  
Their fickle rays, and mock the eye  
With Heav'n above, with Heav'n below.

The very waves have sunk to sleep,  
And all appears so tranquil now,  
That wounded hearts forget to weep,  
And sorrow leaves the mourner's brow.

Oh ! how I love on such a night  
Along the water's edge to stray ;  
And, by the moon-beam's pensive light,  
Roam carelessly the spicy way.

On thee I muse—for thee I sigh,  
And think of days we held so dear ;  
But they, alas ! have fled by,  
And left me sad and lonely here.

E'en as a day-beam, 'that hath shed  
Its light upon the trav'ler's track ;  
Which cheers awhile, but when 'tis fled  
Nor tears nor pray'rs can charm it back.

Oh ! for the gift\* Apollo gave  
To Abaris the Scythian swain :  
Soon, soon beyond the foaming wave,  
I'd fly to meet thy smiles again !

To meet thy smiles, which could impart  
All that was dear in life to me ;  
Which *then* gave rapture to my heart,  
And *now* live in my memory.

---

\* A flying arrow, with which Abaris transported himself wherever he pleased.

TO A LADY,  
ON HER MARRIAGE.

---

“As half in shade, and half in sun,  
This world along its path advances;  
May that side the sun's upon,  
Be all that e'er shall meet thy glances!”  
*Moore.*

---

MAY'ST thou be happy, Lady, as the lark,  
When first he chirps unto the morning sun  
And woos the sky with melody: may Time  
(Who bears upon his never-wearied wing  
Sorrow and joy, and solitude of heart,  
Partings and meetings, and vicissitudes  
Of kind and evil fortunes), pass o'er *thee*  
Gently as Zephyrs o'er the violet;  
Which turns its bright and azure eye to heav'n,  
In timid supplication. May thy mind  
Be so encompass'd by its virtuous thoughts,  
That grief shall find no entrance; and thy heart  
(Rich in its virtue—happy in its love!)



Be as a shrine, where Feeling offers up  
The incense of its tears. For thee may Spring  
And joyous Summer bring their smiles and dews,  
And Autumn still retain remembrancers  
Of beauties past away : some ling'ring flow'rs,  
Or leaves, which Summer's glowing sun hath kiss'd,  
And left all-golden ; and when Winter comes,  
May he come smilingly ; and, o'er thy path,  
Scatter his snows so thinly, that the print  
Of thy own footstep be not visible ;  
And Spring's first flow'rs peep thro' their silvery  
veils,  
To welcome thee with fragrance.



## S O N G.



## I.

OH ! tell me not that Love (the child  
Of moonlight smiles and kisses),  
Makes earth a lone and cheerless wild,  
And steals away its blisses.

'Tis true, his eye is sometimes dim,  
And thorns oft hang about Love;  
But, oh! if earth is sad *with* him,  
What would it be *without* Love?

## II.

And, say not, that "to this fair world  
No soothing bliss is given;"—  
'Tis like the thorny rose, impearl'd  
With drops of joy from heaven.  
It is not free from woe and care,  
(As all who live have found it!)  
But, does the Am'ranth bloom less fair,  
If rank weeds spring around it?

## S O N G.



"Sweet rose, fair flower, untimely pluck'd, soon faded,  
Pluck'd in the bud, and faded in the Spring!"

*Passionate Pilgrim.*



POOR Rose ! poor rose ! what blast unkind  
Has blown thee hither ;  
To lie beneath the sullen wind  
And coldly wither !  
But late I saw thee sweetly rise,  
By myrtles shaded ;  
And now, like tints in twilight skies,  
Thy blush has faded.

Each scatter'd leaf doth seem to mourn  
Time's cruel fleetness ;  
And sigh, for what can ne'er return—  
Its former sweetness.

Yes! ev'ry leaf in sadness lies,  
To bloom, ah, never!  
Like my heart's fondest, dearest ties,  
Broken for ever.



## STANZAS TO —————



*Rosalind.* "Wear this for me."—(*Giving a chain from her neck.*)  
*As you like it. Act i. scene 2.*



## I.

OH! wear this simple chain for me,  
That, when long years have pass'd away,  
Each sever'd link may offer thee  
An emblem of my own decay.  
Yet, no! an hour may see that chain  
United by the hand of art;  
But what can ever join again,  
The rent links of a broken heart!

## II.

Recall the hours when Love's warm kiss  
Gave transport to our cloudless youth;  
Which linger'd fondly—like my bliss—  
Then fled for ever—like thy truth.  
The cold world's frown—the proud man's scorn—  
To be by all forgot—revil'd—  
Oh! these, and more, I could have borne,  
Hadst thou but lov'd—had'st thou but smil'd.

## III.

My love has been "too deep for tears,"  
And sighs have told it—'twas confess'd  
By ruin'd health and blighted years,  
By fallen hopes and vanish'd rest.—  
Yet wear this simple chain for me,  
And keep it as a parting token  
Of one, whose youthful love to thee,  
Unlike his heart, remain'd unbroken.

## LINES

WRITTEN IN AN ALBUM.

---

ARE these leaves for *Friendship* solely?—  
May not *Love*, as pure and holy  
As e'er warm'd the youthful breast,  
Find one little spot to rest?  
One little spot, secure and free,  
Unseen, unknown by all but thee?  
'Tis written now!—Oh! do not tear  
The only leaf that Love has there:  
Oh! do not, Mary, do not sever  
Love and Friendship thus for ever!

## OH! COME TO THE BARK

---

I.

OH! come to the Bark! the breezes are fair  
To waft us along to the Isle of Gulnare :  
Oh! come to the Bark! the star shines above  
That points out our course to the island of Love.  
Ere Morning's first glances are cast o'er the sea,  
The God of the place shall give welcome to thee:—  
Yes! Cupid will come, and give thanks for the smile  
That adds to the beauty and pride of his Isle.

## II.

Oh! come to the Bark!—her sails are unfurl'd  
To bear us away from the gaze of the world.  
We will live like two roses, on one tender stem,  
We will flourish, entwine, and be smiling like them.

One bower shall hold us, one wish shall unite  
 Our hearts in the bonds of true faith and delight :  
 Together we'll live 'till our time of decay,  
 Then fall, like the roses, *together* away.



## A B S E N C E.

( TO MARY. )



" Absence ! is not the soul torn by it  
 From more than light, or life, or breath ?  
 'Tis Lethe's gloom, but not its quiet,  
 The pain without the peace of death."

*Campbell.*



" When shall we meet ? (with stifled sighs,  
 And falt'ring accents I exclaim,)  
 When shall I view those dark blue eyes,  
 And hear thee, Mary, breathe my name ?"  
 " When shall we meet !"—how mournfully  
 Those chilling words have rung to me,  
 For oh ! upon my ear they fell  
 Like Mem'ry's sigh and Hope's farewell.



They brought the dread—the boding fear,  
That owns no smile, yet yields no tear;  
The deep despair, that mocks relief  
And feeds in silence on its grief;  
And all the pangs the soul must feel,  
    (When wedded hearts are doom'd to sever,)  
Which round the shrine of Mem'ry steal,  
    And offer incense there for ever.

Oh, Absence! thou art wrapt in shade—  
A tomb, where lovers' joys are laid :  
A Demon, who delight'st to part  
Warm lip from lip, and heart from heart ;  
The lover from his fair-one's charms,  
The maiden from her lover's arms ;  
Then leav'st them, in their joy's decay,  
To mark Hope's flow'ret fade away.  
That gentle flow'r, which loves to spring  
Beneath the shade of Cupid's wing ;  
Which buds in youth, which grows with years,  
Then sheds its bloom, and fades in tears.

There is a thought that must impress  
    On lovers, when they're parted,  
A dull, cold sense of loneliness,  
    Which leaves them broken-hearted.

It rises—when the morning flings  
Her light upon the gay lark's wings;  
It rises—when the ev'ning throws  
Her vivid glances on the rose;  
And when Latona's fair-ey'd daughter  
    Bends from her throne, in silent bliss,  
To gaze upon the rippling water,  
    Still glowing with the twilight's kiss.

It is the thought that one, whom we  
Have worshipp'd with idolatry,  
(As Heathens kneel to Phœbus' rays,)  
Is absent from our ardent gaze.  
Then, what are morning's charms to those,  
    Who 'neath her smile *alone* must rove?  
Or what can twilight's tints disclose  
    To soothe the pangs of sever'd love?  
Can summer-nights—(tho' moonlight hues  
    On all be glancing brightly,  
Tho' on the violets, bent with dews,  
    The southern breeze steal lightly,  
As if it fear'd to wake each rose  
Upon whose breast their blue eyes close)  
Can these give rapture to the breast  
Which cherishes a hallow'd guest,

But feels that it is far remov'd  
From all it mus'd on—all it lov'd?

Oh, nò ! the lover still will sigh,  
At early morn, for days gone by,  
When he hath sought some dew-bright bowers,  
And told his love 'mongst summer flowers.

At eve, too, he will sadly pine

For hours, all like a day-dream flown,  
When he hath seen her mild star shine

With one, in heart, in soul his own.  
And night, when all is hush'd, will be  
A dagger to his memory :

A waving pine, or frowning cloud  
Will darkle o'er him like a shroud :  
Or should the sweet—the tender song

Of nightingale be heard above,  
He'll fancy, as it breathes along,

That 'tis the spirit of his love,  
Who roams thro' forest, grove and dell,  
And sighs to him a last FAREWELL.

SONG.

---

You bring me Vi'lets blue as heaven,  
And goblets fill'd with rosy wine ;  
And ne'er were flow'rs or Goblets given  
By fairer, purer hands than thine !  
Yet, ah ! these cups may soon be broken,  
And quickly these poor vi'lets fade ;  
Then give, Oh ! give some fonder token  
Of endless love, my gentle maid.

If e'er my heart should thrill with pleasure,  
Or joy illumine its cell awhile,  
The sweetest gift, the dearest treasure,  
That thou could'st give, would be—a smile.  
But should Hope's gay yet transient blossom,  
In sorrow's hour, all wither'd be,  
One answ'ring sigh, from that fair bosom,  
Were flow'rs, and wine, and heav'n to me.

## THE COTTAGE BY THE RHINE.

~~~~~  
" the hut  
That from the mountain's side,  
Views wilds, and swelling floods,  
And hamlets brown, and dim-discover'd spires;  
And hears their simple bell."

*Collins.*  
~~~~~

## I.

HERE, remov'd from ev'ry sorrow,  
Undisturb'd by danger's blast ;  
Calmly I await the morrow,  
And with joy recall the past.  
Here no thoughts of ill oppress me,  
All contentment's joys are mine :  
Love and peace unite to bless me  
In my cottage by the Rhine.

## II.

'Round my cot my lambs are bleating,  
'Neath its roof is not a care :  
Sweeten'd by the trav'ler's greeting,  
Hallow'd by the poor man's pray'r.

Mid Spring's beauties—Summer's roses—  
Autumn's blush and cold decline,  
Here Content with me reposes,  
In my cottage by the Rhine.



## HOPE AND MEMORY.

---

### I.

“ WHICH is the gentler friend to thee,  
Or Hope or musing Memory?”  
“ Oh! Mem’ry brings back vanish’d bliss,  
Pure Friendship’s glow and Love’s fond kiss.”  
“ Ah! yes; but will she, can she throw  
Oblivion’s shade o’er former *woe*?”  
“ No! she recalls fair smiles, ’tis true,  
But brings our tears and sorrows too!”

### II.

“ But Hope, with sanguine eye, surveys  
The prospect of our future days;  
And wheresoe’er she turns her eye,  
There Love and all his roses lie.”

“ Ah! yes; but will not Fear destroy  
Her visions of approaching joy?”

“ Ay, Hope may wear a splendid crown,  
But Fear plucks half its jewels down!”

## III.

Oh! like two flowers on one tree,  
Are Hope and musing Memory.  
Together born, if one decay  
It bears the other's bloom away;  
And leaves it sad and fading fast,  
A record of the storm that's past,—  
So Mem'ry, when Hope's reign is o'er,  
May *live*, but never blossoms more.

## WHEN LAST WE PARTED.

~~~~~  
“————— mêlant nos douleurs,  
Nous nous aidions l'un l'autre à porter nos malheurs.”  
*Racine.*

## I.

~~~~~  
WHEN last we parted, thy fair brow  
Was shaded by the clouds of care ;—  
We meet, at length, again—yet now  
The trace of sorrow lingers there.  
One happy hour cannot erase  
The grief of ages, nor impart  
New bloom to Mis'ry's roseless face,  
New verdure to a wither'd heart.

## II.

Long years of suff'ring and decay  
Have dimm'd thine eye and sear'd thy mind ;  
Have swept thy hopes and joys away,  
And left but griefs and tears behind.



Yes! they have pass'd as the Simoom,  
Whose fatal and resistless force  
Blights "manhood's strength, and beauty's bloom."  
And leaves a cold and black'ning corse.

## III.

Oh! we will never part again,  
But ev'ry pang together share:  
United, we may brave the pain,  
Which, sever'd, were too much to bear.  
As yonder violet, that pines  
With wither'd stem and faded hue,  
Upon the rose's breast reclines,  
Altho' the rose is wither'd too.

## SONNET TO KÖRNER.

~~~~~  
" Un amant, que la gloire inspire  
Du Troubadour, sait accorder la lyre,  
Et diriger la lance du guerrier."  
~~~~~

ILL-FATED KÖRNER ! Hero !—Christian !—Bard !—  
Whose sword was for thy country, and whose pen  
Taught Mercy, Hope, and Virtue unto men,  
Death is thy meed—the grave is thy reward :  
Thy life was like a fev’rish dream of night,  
But some bright forms, that hallow’d it, still  
wreathe  
Fair flow’rs around thy tomb, which sweetly  
breathe  
Eternity and life, and know not blight.  
Yes ! forms, by thy mind’s own imaginings  
Warm’d into life, exist, tho’ thou art fled.  
These are the living praises of the dead,  
Which shade the grave as with an angel’s wings !

Death conquers *thee*, but thy perceptions never,  
For ROSAMUNDA\* lives—lives, like thy soul, for  
ever!



OH! THINK NOT OF THE COMING HOURS.



I.

OH! think not of the coming hours,  
Nor shade our bliss with thoughts of ill :  
Why should we mourn?—this world hath flow'rs,  
And wine and love and music still.  
Why should we mourn?—where'er we roam  
Some kind and gentle hearts will be,  
In which our griefs may find—a home,  
Our tears and sorrows—sympathy.

---

\* A Tragedy by Körner.

## II.

Or should no kindred hearts be near,  
The bitterness of life to share ;  
No friendly eye to drop a tear  
Upon the sullied page of care.—  
We will not grieve ; but like the dove,  
Who lives with one fond bird alone,  
Be blest together, and, with love,  
Transform e'en deserts to a throne.



## TO THE MOON.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY.)



POUR, lovely Moon, Oh! pour thy silvery light  
In beauty thro' the verdure of this grove,  
Where fantasies, and reveries of love  
Arise before me in the silent night.

Unveil thyself, that I may mark the spot,  
Where my own Love reclin'd (whilst Linden  
trees,  
And spreading beech were waving in the breeze),  
And all the golden city's pomps forgot.

Unveil! that I may silently rejoice  
In flowers, that once fann'd her I lov'd so well;  
And scatter garlands o'er each forest dell,  
Where oft she listen'd to the Streamlet's voice.

Then, lovely Moon, assume thy veil again,  
And mourn for thy poor friend; ay, weep for me  
Thro' ev'ry cloud that passeth noiselessly,  
As I (poor lone one!) weep; but weep, alas! in vain.

S O N G.\*  

---

## I.

SHE is gone ! but the last parting beam of her eye  
Still trembles on Memory's sight ;  
And the love-scented fragrance, that breath'd from  
her sigh,  
Yet hangs round this spot with delight.  
Her voice still I hear—in the sighs of the breeze,  
Her step—in the fall of the dew ;  
And the lays of the warblers, at eve, in the trees,  
Seem to whisper her parting adieu.

## II.

The spot shall be sacred, for Love cannot find  
Another so cherish'd as this :  
The spirit of Mary here lingers behind,  
And charms ev'ry thought into bliss.

---

\* This Song has been set to Music.

As the fond bird will hover around her sad nest,  
When 'tis robb'd of its last cherish'd dove,  
So roams every wish of the sensitive breast  
Round the scenes of its earliest love.



## LOVE AND FRIENDSHIP.

---

'Tis said, that Love and Friendship meeting,  
At twilight, in a shady grove,  
Young Love gave Friendship courteous greeting,  
And bright ey'd Friendship welcom'd Love.  
Then on they wander'd—Love was playing  
By ev'ry stream, 'neath ev'ry tree—  
And oft, as Love is wont, was straying  
In search of gay variety.

They came to where two lights were gleaming  
Upon an alabaster shrine;  
One with a lustrous glow was beaming,  
“ See ! see ! ” said Love “ that light is mine.”

The other was not half so shining,  
But gave a clear and steady flame ;  
Beneath it Am'ranths were entwining,  
And Friendship gave to this, his name.

They stood, upon the two lights gazing,  
Until the brighter died away,  
And Friendship cried, whilst archly raising  
His smiling brow, " Mark Love's decay !  
" Adieu gay child, I'll not surrender  
" Pure Friendship's gentle light for thine,  
" For tho' it cannot boast such splendor,  
" It dies not on its cherish'd shrine."



## TO A LADY SINGING.

---

I.

OH! that some lonely wretch were here,  
Whom anguish and despair have riv'n;  
Whose eye-lids never felt a tear,  
Whose knees were never bent to heav'n.

## II.

Those magic tones, those saint-like eyes—  
That form, resembling none of earth,  
Would draw from him repentant sighs,  
And give the tears of virtue birth.

## TWILIGHT'S INVITATION TO CUPID.

## I.

YOUNG Cupid come forth! for now I have shaded  
The blue eye of day with my crimson bright veil;  
Oh! come, ere my blush from the heav'ns hath faded,  
And breathe unobserv'd, Love, thy soul-moving  
tale.

I will tinge thy bowers  
With golden hues,  
And impearl thy flowers  
With glitt'ring dews:

Mine eye shall glance and my smile shall beam  
Over forest and mountain, o'er ocean and stream.

## II.

Dear Cupid come forth! all smileth before thee,  
There is not a sound, save the coo of the dove:  
Oh! come! for my roseate curtains hang o'er thee,  
To hide from the day-beam thy glances of love.

And, Oh! when the fair  
Shall hear thy sighs,  
Her blush I will bear  
To my rosy skies,  
And call the still night to her cloudy throne;  
For in silence and darkness the maid is thine own.



## THE GATHERED ROSE.

(FROM THE DUTCH OF TOLLENS.)



TO ELIZA.



O! WHERE is now thy blush, sweet flow'r?  
And where thy bloom?  
What cruel hand has torn thee from thy bow'r,  
And, having rifled thee, in evil hour,  
Thus leaves thy wither'd beauties to their doom!

See'st thou how its verdure dies ?

How its glowing colours fade ?

Ah, how swiftly beauty flies !

*Dost thou mark it, dearest Maid ?*

Poor flow'r ! where has thy lustre fled ?

But yesterday

Aurora's smile along thy leaves was spread,

And tenderly o'er thee her light was shed ;

But now, the storm has hurl'd thy seeds away.

And far thy thorny bud was cast,

Until to earth it with'ring fell,

To pine beneath th' unfeeling blast—

Belov'd ELIZA, *heed it well !*

Poor flow'r, whose bloom is gone !

Thy fragrance, late,

Attracted all unto thy hues, which shone

With living gold, but now thou'rt trampled on,

Despis'd and spurned in thy dying state ;

And not a Zephyr sheds a tear—

*O, think on this, ELIZA dear !*

Poor flow'r, who now lie'st with'ringly !

A thoughtless hand

Has robb'd thy slender bloom and blighted thee—

Sad fruits, alas ! of plucking wantonly !

Thus are the flow'rets reft

Of all their beauteous charms for ever ;

And then in solitude and blight are left—

ELIZA dear, *forget it never !*



## STANZAS.



“ Oh the grave !—the grave !—It buries every error—covers every defect  
—extinguishes every resentment !”

“ *Sketch Book.*”



### I.

COLD Grave ! methinks, 'twere sweet, to rest

Within thy lone but peaceful breast ;

To bury there my hopes and fears,

My sorrowing heart and bitter tears ;

To lose remembrance of the past,  
And 'scape a hard world's frown at last.

## II.

But, Oh ! I linger still from thee,  
Thy peace, and thy serenity :  
My eyes are dim—yet will not close—  
My blood is chill'd—but still it flows ;  
My heart, too, beats, e'en tho' it ache—  
'Tis wither'd—yet it will not break !—

## III.

O Heav'n ! “ it is a fearful thing ”  
To mark no bound to suffering ;  
To linger on from day to day,  
Decaying—yet not all decay ;  
And feel within, a sick'ning sense  
Of blighted Hope's presentiments.

## IV.

To see the few, whom love has made  
Our bosoms' kindred, sadly fade,  
For ever, from our gazing eyes,  
And all earth's living sympathies ;

And leave us, as the roses do  
The dying stems on which they grew.

## V.

To think on joys 'till thought be fled,  
To feed on Hope 'till Hope be dead ;  
To shed, alone, the silent tear,  
To wear a smile, when crowds are near,  
And feign a bliss, altho' the heart  
Is well nigh bursting with its smart.

## VI.

Cold Grave ! methinks 'twere sweet, to rest  
Within thy lone but peaceful breast ;  
To bury there my hopes and fears,  
My sorrowing heart and bitter tears ;  
To lose remembrance of the past,  
And 'scape a hard world's frown at last.

## LOVERS.

~~~~~  
 " It is the hour when lovers' vows  
 Seem sweet in every whisper'd word.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 — what unto them is the world beside,  
 With all its change of time and tide?  
 Its living things—its earth and sky—  
 Are nothing to their mind and eye;  
 And heedless as the dead are they,  
 Of aught around, above, beneath;  
 As if all else had pass'd away,  
 They only for each other breathe."—*Parisina*.

~~~~~

THEY wander'd 'neath the moonlight, whilst the air  
 Was stilly as a dying infant's breath.—  
 Upon the surface of the river lay  
 A gilded pinnacle, and her white sails hung  
 All listlessly beneath the dark blue sky.  
 Ocean had not a wave; but seem'd as calm  
 As the poor weary fowl, that peacefully  
 Slept on her mighty bosom. 'Twas as if  
 The Moon, with her mild presence, had restrain'd  
 The Spirits of the lone and guilty deep,  
 And smiled them into silence. Midnight gave



Scarce wind enough to bear a lover's sigh  
To his young mistress' ever-list'ning ear :  
And Nature seem'd in love with quietness,  
And held her breath as if she fear'd to mar  
The solitude around her with a sound.  
But still, at times, a word from Julia's lip  
Came, like soft music, to the ear of night,  
In whisper'd melody. Her footsteps press'd  
The earth so gently, that the sauterelle,  
Who slumber'd idly 'neath his blade of grass,  
Slept on—unstartled by their dew-like fall ;  
And silence seem'd to keep her breathless watch  
Over the two fond lovers.

In a bower,  
O'erwreath'd with flowers, where Echo never crept  
To listen to the music of sweet vows,  
And tell them to the Moon, they sate them down,  
And talked of days to come, o'er which Hope threw  
The fairy tints of Spring:—and of the past,  
Whose joys and sorrows were by Memory  
Chasten'd and sooth'd—(for, to our pleasures, Time  
Lends new attractions, but makes sorrow less;  
And thus becomes a sweetener of both.)  
And they were heart to heart, and lip to lip,  
And yet the Moon—the pale, the lovely Moon,

Which beam'd in heav'n unsullied by a cloud,  
 Was not more pure, more chaste than their young  
     thoughts;  
 Nor were the doves who slept above the bow'r,  
 More innocent than they.

\*       \*       \*       The castle bell

Toll'd heavily 'the onward flight of time,' [pace,  
 And warn'd them homeward. With a ling'ring  
 And many a whisper'd blessing and 'good night,'  
 They left the lonely spot.



## S O N G.

### I.

FAIR shines the moon on the castle's grey towers,  
     But revelry soundeth no more from its walls;  
 Cold—cold are its hearths and deserted its bowers,  
     And Silence and Solitude dwell in its halls.  
 Yet tho' the home of thy fathers is taken  
     Away from thee, Love, by Oppression's rude will,  
 Oh! here is one heart that has never been shaken,  
     One breast where a shelter remains for thee still.

## II.

Grieve not fair maid for the joys that have faded,  
And waste not a thought on thy days of delight,  
For fleeting they were as the mist that is braided,  
Like emerald gems, round the flowers of night.  
Dearest, tho' thou must thy birth-right surrender,  
Affection like mine no reverse can destroy :  
The bright sun of love that arose on thy splendor,  
Shall never be set on the wreck of thy joy.



## SONNET

TO—— WITH B——'S WORKS.



THESE books, like life, bear sweets and bitterness,  
And, like a wreath, which Negligence composes  
Of pois'nous, hemlock, and Spring's odorous roses,  
They boast a double pow'r—to kill or bless—  
But round thy heart, the flow'rs, with fond caress,

Will twine, and breathe their fragrance ; and, for  
thee,  
E'en in the hemlock shall no venom be ;  
Thy virtues will each evil from it press,  
And leave it all innocuous ; nay more,  
Thy heart will find, that ev'n the deadliest wreath  
May bear some charm, some antidote beneath ;  
For there is "good in every thing" and o'er  
The pages, which the moralist condemns,  
Are scatter'd some invaluable gems.



## TO A VIOLET.

(FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY.)



HIDE in thy dark blue cup, oh ! hide  
The tears of sadness, 'till my fair  
Comes to this murm'ring fountain's side,  
And plucks thee to adorn her hair.

Then to her breast, oh! bend, and tell  
How these fond tears, which on thee lie,  
Flow from a heart that loves her well,  
That lives to weep, and longs to die.



## S O N G.\*

THERE'S a magic in thine eye, Love,  
Which seems a soul of light,  
THERE'S a music in thy sigh, Love,  
More sweet than lutes at night.  
Oh! thy ev'ry word's a song, Love,  
Thy ev'ry breath's a rose,  
For they steal thy lips along, Love,  
And scent them as they close.

---

\* This Song has been adapted to music and is property.

I shall ne'er forget the day, Love,  
When first I heard thee sing!—  
Oh! 'twas like the young bird's lay, Love,  
That wakes the infant Spring.<sup>3</sup>  
For the murmur from thy lips, Love,  
Came faintly sweet to me,  
As the sound of oar that dips, Love,  
At moonlight in the sea.



## SONNET TO MARY.



“Thou art my life, my essence now,  
“And my soul dies of wanting thee.”

*Moore.*



OH, how I long to view those eyes, which lent  
To silence and to thought, love's eloquence;  
Whose ev'ry glance beam'd truth and sentiment,  
And heralded the mind's intelligence!

Oh, how I long once more, at eve, to hear  
The soothing music of thy well-lov'd voice,  
Which charm'd away each visionary fear,  
And bad a lone and broken heart rejoice !  
That heart is in its winter—for, the hand  
Of stern Misfortune thrust its hopes away,  
And now it pineth on a foreign strand  
In silence, solitude, and chill decay :  
But, once transplanted to its native isle,  
'Twill bloom again beneath the summer of thy smile.



TO THE REV. MR. \_\_\_\_\_,

ON HIS BIRTH-DAY,

WITH VASES OF ARTIFICIAL FLOWERS.



WE bring thee vases, fill'd with flow'rs  
O'er which the bee ne'er sported,  
Whose leaves ne'er droop'd 'neath Winter's show'rs,  
Nor Summer's warm breath courted.

Though *Nature's* blushes are not cast  
Along the wreath here braided ;  
Yet oh ! their beauteous dies will last,  
When all *her* hues have faded.

Accept the humble gift—and long  
Unalter'd may'st thou find it ;  
And in the hours of joy and song,  
Oh ! think on those who twin'd it.

Be these the emblems of thy life,  
And may no sorrows bound it :  
And thus, when feeble age hath spread  
The Vase's whiteness on thy head,  
May Friendship's flow'rs surround it !



## SONNET.

## MORNING.

L'Aurore au front de roses, aux pieds d'or,  
Sortoit de son céleste palais.

FAIR Morning comes, and from her dew-bright  
bowers

Lifts the dark veil, which envious Night had  
thrown,

To hide the beauty of Aurora's flowers,

And make them drear and lonely as her own

She lifts the veil—and now the sparkling fountains

Glitter before -- behind her—and around :

Attendant Fairies trip along the mountains,

And draw the dews of midnight from the ground.

All nature wears a smiling, sunlike dress,

As a young lover, when his mistress parts

Her lattice curtains, and, in loveliness,

Stands gazing on him.—

Morning needs no arts

Night's melancholy lover to beguile,

And make him feel how beauteous is her smile.

## SONNET.

## TWILIGHT.

~~~~~  
 Queen of the clouds ! that mak'st thy purple throne  
 Upon our forest hills!

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Dropping ruby on the snows  
 That diadem the Alps' eternal brows.

*Croly's Catiline, Act ii, scene 2.*  
 ~~~~~

THIS is the Twilight, and, though breathing bliss,  
 She yet is chaste as snows that deck the green ;  
 For, see ! the day-light and the Night would kiss,  
 But Twilight, deeply blushing, comes between.  
 Mark ! in her hands she takes the golden reins,  
 And moveth onward in her purple car :  
 The Heav'ns have ta'en the blueness from her veins,  
 And slily plac'd it round the ev'ning star.  
 The splendors of the Day are too intense,  
 The Night is awful even when she's fairest,  
 But THOU art, like the cheek of innocence,  
 Far dearer for the modest blush thou bearest.  
 Thou fliest from me !—darkness veils my sight !  
 Thou art not chaste—thou'rt in the arms of Night.

## SONNET.

## MIDNIGHT.

~~~~~  
" The Night  
Sits on her cold meridian height."  
~~~~~

'TIS Midnight now; and Ev'ning's eye hath shed  
Its parting tear upon the grave of day :  
The gentle zephyrs wooed her as she fled;  
For they had grown enamour'd of her ray,  
And, like true Love, died on her smile away.  
For they did fear thy gloomy eye, O Night !  
Which frowns so darkly o'er this tranquil bay.  
Yet, Lovers deem it exquisite delight  
To sit and view thee, when the moon is bright,  
Steeping thy dark locks in the silent wave.  
And Friendship loves in solitudes to stray,  
When thy veil hides him from each mortal's sight;  
And, whilst the winds thro' lonely forests rave,  
He twines the Cypress leaves around some dead  
friend's grave.

## TO THE GLOW WORM,

FROM THE GERMAN OF HÖLTY.

---

ILLUME the grass, sweet Glow-worm, oh! illumè  
The waving flow'rs on which my fair-one lies  
In peaceful slumbers; where, 'mid ev'ning's gloom,  
I oft have crept to list her dreaming sighs!

Oh cast thy light, that I may kiss each rose,  
Which, blushing, 'neath the smile of Spring  
appears;  
And fill each little silver-bell, that grows  
In wildness round my footsteps, with my tears.

## SONNET TO MARY.

~~~~~  
“ Je pense à toi dans les jours de l'absence.”  
~~~~~

I SEE thee, MARY, in the dreams of night,  
When all is still, and Autumn winds scarce make  
One dimple on the surface of the lake,  
Which rests in silence 'neath the silv'ry light  
Of Luna's pale, fond smile. The midnight hour,  
Tho' lone and sad, is now my bosom's choice ;  
For, dreams then bring thee to me; and thy voice  
Steals with its soft and melancholy pow'r,  
And plays around the pulses of my heart.  
I see thine eye beam on me—that bright eye  
Beneath whose ray 'twere happiness to die !  
Its light is in my mem'ry—'twill depart  
Alone with life.—Oh, let it still illumine  
My infant buds of hope, and sun them into bloom !

## THE MUSIC OF THE MIND.

~~~~~  
"Unmeasured notes,  
"Heard in the calm of thought." *Shelley.*  
~~~~~

## I.

THERE'S a Spirit in air, that breathes to me  
When the fair *Morn* comes on smilingly,  
With her eyes of light, and her sunny dress,  
Which enrobes the whole world in loveliness :  
When the thrush and the linnet sing sweet on the  
    spray,  
And the song of the lark fades in distance away.

## II.

There's a Spirit in air, that breathes to me  
When the calm *Eve* steals on blushinglly,  
In a light-blue robe, and pale-crimson vest,  
With a glitt'ring Star on her heaveless breast :  
When the nightingale sits on her leafy bough,  
And the stream is as calm as an infant's brow.

## III.

There's a Spirit in air, that breathes to me  
When the dark *Night* bursts on frowningly,  
With her ebon locks in a starry braid,  
Where a crescent hangs, which the moon has made :  
When the mountain-trees wave in their solemn  
pride  
And the tempest rolls over the moaning tide.

## IV.

'Tis the *Spirit of Love* that breathes to me  
With a voice of sweetest melody;  
On my heart it falls with a soothing pow'r,  
As the dew that sinks on the op'ning flow'r;  
And it comes from the Land where a gentle Dove  
Sings the *Music of Hope* to her absent Love.

THE END.





## CORRIGENDA.

*Page 17, line 5, for pourtray, read portray.*

*Page 29, line 10, dele comma after grief.*

*Page 50, line 1, for But hearts, read For hearts.*

*Page 54, line 2, for Benbow, read Longbow,*

*Page 54, line 17, insert a comma after Othello.*

*Page 54, line 19, for What tongue tied? read What! tongue-  
tied?*

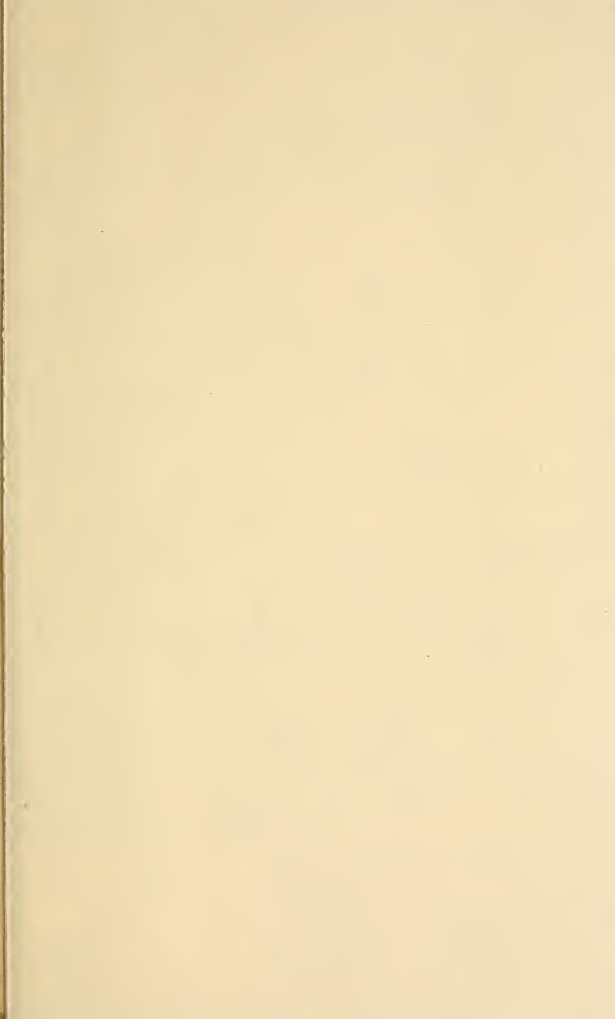
*Page 68, line 3, for Can gain, read Excites.*

*Page 71, line 4, for rays, read gilds.*

*Page 71, line 10, insert a comma after Harley.*

*Page 91, line 12, insert note of interrogation after faded.*







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